

The Histo-
ry of graund Amoure
and la bel Pucell, called the
pastime of pleasure, con-
teynynge the knowledg of
the seuen sciences, and the
course of mans lyfe in this
worlde. Inuented by Ste-
phen Hawes, grome
of kyng Henry the
seuenth, his
chamber.

Anno domini
1555.

How graunde Amoure walked in a medow, &
met with fame employed with tongues of
fyre. Cap. i

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This boke called the pastyme of pleasure was made
 and compyled by Stephen Hawes one of the gromes
 of the most honorable chambze of our souerayne lord
 kynge Henry the seventh. The. xxi. yere of his most no
 ble reygne, chapitred and marked after the table here
 before sette.

Ryght myghty pryncce, and redoubted souerayne
 Saplinge forth Warli, in the shyppe of grace
 Ouer the waues, of his lyfe vncertayne
 Wyght to warde heuen, to haue dwelling place
 Grace dothe you guyde, in euery doubtfull case

your

your gouernaunce, do the euer more escheue
The synne of flouthie, enemy to bette we

Grace stereth well, the grace of god is grette
Whiche you hath brought, to your ryall se
And in your right, it hath you surely sette
Aboue vs all, to haue the soueraynte
Whose worthy power, and regall dignite
All our rancour, and our debate and ceace
Hath to vs brought, both welthe reste and peate

Frome whome descendeth, by the right full lyue
Noble pryncce Henry, to succede the crowne
That in his youth, doth so clerely shyne
In euery bestie, castinge the byce adowne
He shall of fame, attaine the hye renowne
No doubt but grace, shal him well enclose
Whiche by true right, sprange of the reed rose

Your noble grace, and excellent highnes
For to accepte, I beseeche right humbly
Thys lytle boke, opprest woth rudenes
With out rethorycke, or colour crafty
Nothinge I am, expecte in portty
As the monke of Turp, floure of eloquence
Whiche was in the tyme of great excellence,

Of your predecessour, the .v. kynge Henry,
Unto whose grace, he did present
Byght famous bokes, of parfit memozy
Of his saynyng, with termes eloquent
Whose fatal fiction, are yet permanent
Grounded on reason, with cloudy fygures

He cloked the trowth of all his scrptures

**The lpght of trowth, I lacke cunnyng to cloke
To drawe a curtayne, I dare not so presume
Nor hyde my matter, with a misty smoke
My rudenes cunnyng, doth so sore consume
Yet as I may, I shall blowe out a fume
To hyde my mynde, vnderneath a fable
By couert coloure, well and probable**

**Besechyng your grace, to pardon myne ignorance
Whiche this fayned fable, to eschue folenes
Haue so compyled, no we without doubtance
For to present, to your hye worthynes
To folowe the trace, and all the perficenes
Of my maister Lydgate, with due exercise
Suche fayned tales, I do fynde and deuyle**

**For vnder a coloure, a truche may arysse
As was the gypse, in olde antiquite
Of the Portes olde, a tale to sumple
To cloke the truche, of their inconstancie
Or yet on tope, to haue mortallite
I me excuse if by neglygence
That I do offense, for lacke of science.**

**Howe graunde Amoure walked in a medowe
and, and met with faine, enuyoned with
tongues of fyre.**

Capit. I.

When



When Phebus entred was, in Gemini
 Shynnyng aboue, in his fayre golden sphere
 And hoyned Dyane, then but one degree

In the
 olden tyme, when of golden age the name

In the crabbe had entred, fayre and cleare
When that aurore, did well appeare
In the depured ayre, and cruddy firmament
Forth then I walked, withour impediment

In to a medowe, both gaye and glorious
Whiche floza depainted, with many a colour
Lyke a place of pleasure, moste solacious
Encensyng out the aromattike odoure
Of zepherus breath, whiche that euery floure
Through his fume, doth al waie engender
So as I went among the floutes tender

By sodayne chaunce, a fayre path I founde
On whiche I loked, and ryght oft I mused
And then all about, I behelde the grounde
With the fayre path, whiche I sawe so bled
My chaunce or fortune, I nothyng refused
But in the path, forth I went a pace
To knowe whether, and vnto what place

It woulde me byng, by any similitude
So forth I went, were it ryght or wrong
Tyll that I sawe, of royall pulchritude
Before my face, an ymage fayre and strong
With two fayre handes, stretched out along
Unto two hye wayes, there in partition
And in the ryght hande, was this description

This is the strayght waie of contemplacion
Unto the topfull to wer, perdurable
Who that will, vnto that mancion
He must forlake, all chinges variable
With the bayne gloze, so muche deceivable

Greatly musyng, ouer hyll and vale
The way was troublous, and ey nothing playne
Tyll at the laste, I came to a dale
Beholdyng Phebus, declynyng lowe and pale
With my greyhoundes, in the fayre troy light
I lace me downe, for to rest me all nyght

Slouth began on me, so fast began to crepe
That of fyne force, I downe me layed
Upon an hyll, with my greyhoundes to slepe
When I was do wne, I thought me well apayed
And to my selfe, these wordes then I sayde
Who will attaine, sone to his iourneis ende
To nouryshe slouth, he may not condescende.

Howe fame departed from graunde Amoure, and
left with hym gouernaunce and grace, and howe he
went to the tower of doctrine. Cap. iiii.

Thus then I slept, tyl that Aurozas beames
gan for to spreade, about the firmament
and the clere sunne with his golden streames
Began for to ryse, fayre in the ozient
With out Saturnus blacke encombrement
And the litle byrdes, makyng melody
Did me awake, wyth theire sweete armony

I loked about, and sawe a craggy roche
farre in the west, neare to the element
And as I dyd then, vnto it approche
vpon the toppe, I sawe refulgent
The royal tower, of morall document
Made of fine copper, with turrettes fayre and hye
L.i. which

Whiche against Phebus, thone so marueylously

That for the very perfect bryghnes,
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne
I could nothyng, be holde the goodnes
Of that palatce, whereas doctrine did wonne
Till at the last, with my sty wyndes donne
The radiant bryghnes, of golden Phebus
Auster gan couer, with clovde tenebrous

Then to the tower, I drew nere and nere
And often mused, of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke, whiche quadrant did appeare
But the fayre tower, so muche of ryches
Was all about, sexangled doubtelis
Bargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons
Made of fyne golde, with diuers sundry dragons

The little turrets, with ymages of golde
About was set, whiche with the wynde are moued
With propre vices, that I did well beholde
About the towres, in sundry wyse they howed
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes tuned
That with the wynde they pyped a daunce
Acipped, amour de la hault plesaunce.



**Howe he was let in by Countenaunce the
porteres and of the maruelous busse
dyng of the same tower.
Cap. iiii.**



The toure was great, & of marueplous wydnes
To whiche there was, no way to passe but one
In to the toure, for to haue an entres.

C. ii.

A grece there was, ychesled all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whiche men dyd gone
Up to the couce, and in lyke wyse dyd I
Wpth bothe the grephoundes in my company

Tyll that I came, to a ryall gate
Where I sawe stondynge, the goodly portres
Whiche axed me, from whence I came a late
To whome I gan, in every thyng expresse
All myne aduventure, chaunce and busynesse
Andeke my name, I tolde her every dell
Whan she herde this, she lyked me right well

Her name she sayd, was called countenaunce
Into the hely courte, she dyd me then lede
Where was a fountayne, depured of pleasance
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte hede
Made of fyne golde, enameled wth reed
And on the toppe, foure dragons blew and stoute
Thys sulcet water, in foure pntyes dyd spoute

Of whiche there flowed, foure ryuers ryght clere
Sweeter than Nylus, or Ganges was theiꝝ odours
Tygrys or Eufrates, vnto them no pere
I dyd than taste, the aromatike pource
Fragraunt of fume, sweeter as any floure
And in my mouth, it had a marueylous cense
Of dyuers spyes, I knewe not what it ment

And after this, farther forth me brought
Dame countenaunce into a goodly hall
Of Iasper stones, it was wonderly wrought
The wyndowes cleare, depured all of crytall

and

And in the rouse on hye ouer all
Of golde was made, a ryght crafty byne
In steede of grapes, the Rubies there did shyne

The floze was paved, with befall clarified
With pillers made, of stones pzeious
Like a place of pleasure, so gayely glozified
It myght be called, a palaice glorious
So muche delectable, and solacious
The hall was hanged, hye and circuler
With cloth of arras, in the rycheft maner

That created well, of a ful noble flozy
Of the doubty waye, to the tower perillous
Howe a noble knyght, should wyne the victory
Of many a serpente, fowle and odious
and the first matter, then appeared thus
Howe at a venture, and by sodayne chaunce
He met with fame, by fortunes putuepaunce

Whiche did hym shewe, of the famous pulcritude
Of labell Ducell, so cleare in beauty
Excelling all other, in every similitude
Nature her fauoured, so muche in degree
When he heard this, with seruent amptie
accompanied, with grace and gouernaunce
He toke his waye, without encombraunce

Unto the ryght famous, tower of learning
And so from thence, vnto the tower of chyualry
Where he was made knight, the noble kynge
Called Melizeus, well and worthely
and furthet moze, it sheweth full notably

Upon the arras, imbroided all of blew
What was his name, with letters all of grewe

Thus with his berlet, he toke on his waye
To the perillous tower, and sytuation
Sweeping folye as he rode on his iourney
Byding on a mace by great illusion
After whom ensued fast correction
And in her hande, a strong knotted whippie
At every parke, she made hym for to syppe

And then correction, bzaught la graund amour
Unto the tower, wher eas he myght well se
Diuers men makinge ryght great dolour
That defrauded women by thei duplicitie
Yet befoze this, in perfitte certaintie
As the arras well did make relation
In Venus temple, he made his oblation

After whiche he mette an hydeous gyaunt
Hauing thre heades, of marueylous kynde
With his great strokes, he did hym daunce
Casting hym downe, vnder the lynde
With force and myght, he dyd hym bynde
Striking of his heades then euerychone
That of all thre heades, he left not one

This terryble gyaunt, yet had a brother
Whiche graunde amour, destroyed also
Hauing foure heades, moze then the other
That vnto hym wroughte mikel wo
But he slewe sone, his mortall foe
Whiche was a great gyaunt, with heades seven

To marueylous, nowe for me to newen

yet moze ouer, he put to veteraunce
A venemous beast, of sundry likenes
Of diuers beastes, of ryght great mischaunce
Wherof the picture bare good wptnes
For by his power, and his hye worthynes
He did discomfyre, the wonderous serpente
Of the seuch metals, made by enchauntment

And eke the clothe made demonstration
Howe he wedded the great lady beauteous
La bell Ducell, in her owne dominacion
after his labour, and passage daungerous
With solempne sope, and myrthe melodious
This famous stozpe, well pictured was
In the fayre hall, vpon the arras

The marshall, ycclyped was dame Reason
and the yewes, also obseruaunce
The panter Plesaunce, at euery season
The good butler, curteis continuance
and the chescoker, was called temperaunce
The lady chamberlayne, named fidelite
and the hye steward, Liberalite

There sat Dame Doctrine, that lady gent
Whiche called me, vnto her presence
For to knowe al the whole entent
Of my comyng, vnto her excellence
Whadame I sayde, to learne your science
I am comen, nowe me to applye
With all my cure and perfect study.

E.iii.

and

And yet also, I bnto her then shewd
My name and purpose, wythout doubtenes
For very greate Joye, than were endued
Her crystall eyes, full of lowlenes
Whan that she knewe, of very spkerneſſe
That I was he, that ſhould ſo attayne
Labell pucell, wyth my buſy payne

And after thys, I had ryght good chere
Of meate and drynke, there was great plenty
Nothyng I wanted, were it chepe or dere
Thus was I ſerued wyth dylcate dyſhes deynſſe
And after thys, wyth all humylite
I went to doctryne prayenge her good graee
For to aſſygne me my fyrſt lernynge place

Seuen daughters, moſt expert in connyng
Wythouten folp, ſhe had well engendred
As the ſeven ſcyences, in vertue ſo ſhynnyng
at whoſe encrease, there is great thanks rendred
Unto the mother as nothyng ſurrendred
Her good name, and her dulcet ſounde
Whych did engendre, theſe orygyall grounde

And fyrſt to grammer, ſhe forthe me ſent
To whoſe request, I dyd well obey
Wyth delygence, forth on my way I went
Up to a chamber, departyd fayre and gay
and at the chambze, in ryght ryche ſtaye
We were let in, by hygh auctoryte
Of the ryght noble, dame Congrupte

How Science, ſent him fyrſt, to grammer to here
he was receiued by dame Congrupte. ca.



The lady Gramer, in all humble wyse
 Dyd me receyue, into her goodly schoole
 To whose doctrine, I dyd me aduertise
 For to acfayne, in her attyke poole
 Her gylded dewe, for to oppresse my doole
 To whom I sayde, that I wold gladly lerne
 Her noble connyng, so that I myght descerne

what that it is, and why that it was made
 To whych she answered, than in speciall
 Bycause that connyng, shoulde not pale ne fade
 Of euery scyence, it is originall.

Pleasure.

P.1.

Which

Whych both vs tech, euer in generall
In all good ordre, to speke directly
And for to wyte, by true arithmetick.

Sometime in Egypt, reigned a noble kyng:
Icheped Guander, whych dyd well abounde
In many vertues, especially in lernyng
Whych had a daughter, that by her study found:
To wyte true larn, the fyrst part ground:
Whose goodly name, as her story sayes
Was called Lamentis, in her liuyng dayes.

Thus in the tyme, of olde antiquitie
The noble Philosophers, wyth theyr whole delyghe
For the common proufite, of all humantie
Of the seven sciences, for to knowe the ryght
They studied, many a long wynters nyght
Eche after other, theyr partes to expresse
Thys was theyr gyfte, to eschewe ydelnesse.

The pomped carkes, wyth foode viciuous
They dyd not feed, but to theyr sustinaunce
They folowed not, theyr fleshe so viciuous
But ruled it, by prudent gouernaunce
They were content, alway wyth suffisaunce
They coueyted not, no worldly treasure
For they knew, that it myght not endure.

But nowe a dayes, the contrary is vfed
To wyne the money, theyr studyes be all set
The common proufite, is often refused
For well is he, that may the money get
From his neyghbour, wythout any let.

They

They thynke nothyng, they shall come to pass
Whan all that is, shall be touned to was,

The byttel fleshe, nourisher of vyces
Under the shadowe, of euyllogarop
Must need haunte, the carnall delices
Whan that the byapne, by corrupt glorie
Up so downe, is touned than contrary
Frayle is the body, to grete unhappines
Whan that the head, is full of drunkennes

So doo they note, for they nothyng pzeence
How cruell deeth, doth them soze ensue
They are so bynded, in thozolp and lyeure
That to theyr merite, they wyl nothyng thowel
The seven scyences, they flouht to eschew
To an others peopel, they take no wyl to see
But to theyr owne, for to eate drynke and sleepe.

And all thys damage, told me vntyng
To whom I hearkned, wyl shal my attyence
And after thys, she taught me right well
Fyrt my doner, and thar my accidens
I set my mynde, wyl hypercyng influence
To lerne her science, the fyrt famous arte
Eschewyng polenes, and layeng all aparte.

Madame quod I, for as much as there be
Wyl. partes of speche, I would knowe right fyrt
What a nowne substance, is in hys degre
And wherefore it is, so called certayne
To whom she answered, right gently agayne
Sayeng alway, that a nowne substance

Pleasure

D. li.

Wylt

Myght stand, without helpe of an adiectiue

The latyn worde, whyche that is referred
Unto a thyng, whych is substancall
For a noone substance, is wel auerred
And wyth a gender, is declenall
So al the eyght partes in generall
Are laren wordes, annexed properly
To every speche, for to speke formally

And gramer is, the fyrst foundement
Of every science, to haue construction
Who knowe gramer, without impediment
Shoulde perfectly haue intellectioun
Of a lyterall sense, and moral phacioun
To construe every thyng, exceptioun
The worde is gramer, well and ordyned

By worde the world, was made ordynally
The hye kyng sayde, it was made in contredyll
He dyd commaunde, all was made shordyll
To the world, the wordes sententious And gentyll
I marked well, some gramers sentenences
And of her than, I dyd take my lyncence
To yunge to Logghe, mych all my depyngence

How he was receyued, of Logyke. cap. vi.

So wy I went, into a chambrer bryght
Where was Monke, to be a ryght fayre lady
Before whome than, it was my hole delpyght
I kneeled a downe, sub well and mekely
Beseechynge her, to instructe me shortly

In hee noble science, which is expedient
For man to knowe, in many an argument.

You shall quod she, my science wel lerne
In tyme and space, to put grete velle
So that in my lokinge, you shal than decerne
A frende from fo, and good from iniquyte
Ryght from wronge, ye shall knowe in certaynes
My science is, all the yll to eschewe
And for to knowe, the false from the trewe

who wyll take payne, to folowe the trace
In this wretched world of trouthe & ryghtwysenes
In heuen aboue, he shall haue dwellynge place
And who that walketh, the waye of darkenes
Spendyng his tyme, in worldly wretchednes
A myddes the erth, in hel most horrible
He shall haue payne, nothyng extynguyshible.

So by logyke, is good perceyuaunce
To deuyde the good, and the euyl a sondre
It is alwaye, as mannes pleasaunce
To take the good, and cast the euyl vnder
If god made hell, it is thereat no wonder
For to punyssh the man, that hadde intelligence
To knowe good from yll, by trewe experience.

Logyke al waye, both make probacion
Prouyng the pro, well from the contrary
In sundry wyse, by argumentacion
Grounded on reason, well and wonderly
who vnderstand, all Logyke truely
Nothyng by reason, myght be in pledyng
pleasure.

But he the trowth, should haue in knowlegynge.

Her wyse doctryne, I marked in memory
And toke my leue, of her hye person
Because that I myght no longer tary
The yere was spent, and so ferre than gon
And of my lady, yet syght had I none
Whych was abydyng, in the toure of mulyke
Wherfore anone, I went to Rethorpyke.

How he was receyued of Rethorpyke, and what Rethorpyke is. Cap. vii.



Than aboute Lodge, vp we went a staire
In to a chambze, gayly glorified
Strowed wyth floures, of all goodly ayre
Where late a lady, gretly magnified
And her true vesture, clerely purified
And ouer her head, that was bryght and shene
She had a garlande, of the laurell grene.

Her goodly chambze, was set all about
Wyth depured myrrours, of speculation
The fragraunt fumes, dyd well encense out
All misty vapours, of perturbation
More lyker was, her habitacyon
Unco a place, whych is celestiall
Than to a certayne mansion fatall.

Before whom, than I dyd knele a dobowe
Sayeng O sterre, of famous eloquence
O gyfced goddesse, of hyghe renoune
Enspyrred, wyth the heuenly influence
Of the douleest well, of complacence
Upon my mynd, wyth dewe aromatyke
Dystyll adowne, thy lusty Rethorike.

And depayne my tong, wyth thy ryall floures
Of delicate odoures, that I may ensue
In my purpose, to glad myne audytours
And wyth thy power, that thou me endue
To moralyse, thy lytterall censes trewe
And clense away, the myst of ygnorance
Wyth depured beames, of goodly ordinaunce.

Wyth humble eres, of perfyte audience
Pleasure.

P. 111

Co.

To my request, she dyd than enclayne
Saying she wolde, in her goodly science
In shorte space, me so well indoceryne
What my dull mynde, it shoulde enlumyne
With golden beames, for euer to appresse
My rude language, and all my simpleness

I thanked her, of her great gentylness
And asked her, after this question
Madame I sayde, I wolde knowe doubtles
What Rethoryke is, without abusyon
Rethoryke she sayde, was founde by reason
Man for to gouerne, wel and prudently
His wordes to orde, his speche to purify

Fyue partes hath Rethoryke, for to werke trefles
Without which fyue, there can be no sentences
For these fyue, do well euermore renue
The mater parfyte, with good intellgyence
Who that will see them with al his dyligence
Here foloweng, I shall them specify
Accordyng well, all vnto myne ordynary

Of the fyrst, called inuencyon. And a commendacio
on of Poetes. Ca. viii.

The



The firste of them, is called Inuencion
 whiche surdeth, of the most noble worke
 Of. v. inwarde wittes, with hote affection
 As woteyth right many a noble clerke
 Wyth mylky colour, of cloudes derke
 How comyn wyte, dooth full well electe
 What it shoulde take, and what it shall abiecte.

And secondly, by pinagynacion
 To ordeyne a matter, full facundious
 Full meruaylus, is the operation
 To make of thought, reason sentencious

Clopyng a trouth, wpth colour tenebrous
For often vnder, a fayre fayned fable
A trouth appereth, gretely p[ro]ficable.

It was the gypse, in old antiquyte
Of famous poets, ryght ymaginatife
Fables to fayne, by good auctorite
They were so wyle, and so inuentife
They obscure reason, fayre and sugratife
Pronounced trouth, vnder cloudy figures
By the inuencion, of theyr fatal scriptures.

And chyldy they hadde suche a fantasie
In this hyghe arte, to be intelligible
Theyr fame encreasyng, euermore truely
To slouth euer, they were inuincible
To theyr woofull hertes, was nought impossible
Wpth brennyng loue, of insatiate fyre
Fewe thynges to fynde, they set theyr desyre.

For though a man, of hys proper mynde
Be inuencife, and he do not apply
Hys fantasie, vnto the besy kynde
Of his contynge, it maye not ratifye
For fantasie, must nedes exemplifye
Hys newe inuencion, and cause hym to entende
Wpth hole desyre, to byng it to an ende

And fourtely, by good estimacion
He must nombze, al the hole c[ir]cumstaunce
Of thys mater, wpth b[re]uiation
That he walke not, by longe continuaunce
The perambulac waye, full of all variaunce

By estimation, is made annunciate
Whether the mater, be long or breuete

For to inuencion, it is equipolent
The mater founde, ryght well to comprehend
In suche a space, as it is conuenient
For properly, it doth euer pretende
Of all the purpose, the length to extende
So estimation, maye ryght well conclude
The partyte nombre, of euery similitude

And yet than, the retentive memory
Whych is the listre, must euer aggregate
All maters thought, to retayne inwardly
Till reason therof, hath made a iudicate
And by scripture, will make demonstrate
Quicquid accordeinge to the thought
To proue a reason, vpon a thyng of nought

Thus when the fourth, hath brought full wonderly
Than must the mynde, werke vpon them all
By cours ingenious, to tynne dyrectly
After theyr thoughtes, than in generall
The mynde must chuse them to be memoriall
As after this, shall appere moze openly
All hole exprest, by dame Philosophy.

O thrust of vertue, and of vnyuersall pleasure
Of famous Poetes, many yeres ago
O insatiable couetyse, of the speciall treasure
Of newe inuencion, to ydelnes the foe
We may you laude, and often prayse also
And specially, for worthy causes thre
Whych to this daye, we may both here and so

As to the fyrst, your hole desyre was set
fables to sayne, to eschewe ydlenes,
wth amplifacion, more connyng to get
By the labour, of myrre, & pfeabusiness
Touchyng the trouch, or couerlykenes
To dysnull ydce, and the vycious to blame
Your dedes thereto, exemplified the same.

And secondly, ryght well you dyd endyte
Of the worthy actes, of many a conquerour
Through whych labour, that you dyd so wyte
Unto this day reygne the honour
Of euery noble, and myghty warrour
And for your labour, and your busy payne
Your fame yet lyueth, and shall endure certayne.

And eke to prayse you, we are gretefully bounde
Because our connyng, from you so procedeth
For you therof, were fyrst originall ground
And vpon your scripture, our science ensueth
your splendent verses, our lyghenes renueth
And so we ought, to laude and magnify
your excellent springes, of famous doctryne.

Cap. ix.

But rude people, oppressed wth blindness
Agaynst your fables, wyll often folowynge
Such is theyr mynde, such is theyr folyshnes
For they beleue, in no maner of wyse
That vnder a coloure, a trouch may a ryle
For folysh people, blynded in a matter
Wyll often erre, when they of it do clatter.

All ye cursed, and such euyll doers
Whose syghes be blynded, ouer all woth foly

Open poyntes in the pleasant fables
Of perfitt connyng, as that you reply alq
Agaynst fables, for to be contrary
For lacke of connyng, as methynke though you were
In such science, whych is from you so fer

For now the people, whych is dull and rude
If that they do see, a fowle scripture
And cannot moralise, the semblance
Whych to theyr wyttes, is so hard and obscure
Than wyl they say, that it is fene in ven
That nought do, butte theyr deparre and pryde
Deceyving them, by tongues of flattery.

But what for that, they can not be faine
The Poetes set, whych are in faine
Unto them selfe, as may be seen in faine
To dyspraise that, whych they can not faine
And if that they had, in it in faine
Than they would, it make and of faine
For it should be, to them so delicate.

The second parte, of a rarye
Maye well be called, of a rarye
That doth so hygh the mater, as may be
Adowne dystyll, by consolation
As olde Poetes, in a demonstration
That Mercury, through his preeminence
Hys natyres endeth, wyth famous eloquence.

By veray reason, it maye be well appere
That diuers persons, in funder, by funder
Theyr consolation, doth contrary to funder

That many thynges, maye hereafter be sayde
Such is the planettes, be theye soules and myghte
But what for that, be it good or ill
Then for to followe, it is at mannes free will

And dysposicion, the true seconde parte
Of Rethorike, doth euen more specte
The maters founde, whiche is noble arte
Gyving them place, after the aspect
And of people, wherby the respect
As from a myghty participation
Or els by a dead argumentation

The whiche was constitute, by begynnyng
As on the reason, and it appertayneth
Of the cause, than by outward saynyng
Be hard and difficulte, in the very saynyng
So as the mynde, haue no perceyving
Nor of the begynnyng, can haue any
Than manifestation, be with the sentence

And it is so, a lytle probable
From any manner, of dead argument
We orde it, for to be very stable
And than we neuer, begyn our sentence
Reclayng letters, not comendence
But thys continuation, shoulde be refused
Wythout cause or thyng, make it be used

Thys that I wyte, is harde and couert
To them that haue no thyngs intelligence
Up so to take, wherby theye can conduct
Or that theye can knowe, by experience

Of this craft, and famous science
By disposition, the rethorician
To make lawes, ordinarily began

Without disposition, none order can be
For the disposition, in every matter
And giveth the place, after the degree
Without order, without reason, we flatter
Where is no reason, it maye not be shatter
Disposition, ordaineth a rule directly
In a perfect reason, to conclude truly

The fatall problems, of olde antiquite
Cloked with myst, and with cloudes of dethe
Ordred with reason, and by auctorite
The trowth dyd theye, of all theye covert werke
Thus haue theye made, many a noble clerke
To bynull myschefe, and inconuenience
They made our lawes, with grete diligence.

Before the lawe, in a tumblyng barge
The people sayled, without partynesse
Throughe the worlde, all about at large
They hadde none ordre, nor no stedfastnesse
Tyll rethoricians, founde Justice doublelesse
By denyng bygges, of ryght bye dygnite
Of all comyns, to haue the souerainite

The barge to stee, with lawe and Justice
ouer the waues, of this lyfe transitorie
To direct wronges, and also prouidie
And tho that wyl, relesse contrary
Agaynst theye kyng, by Justice openly

For they: rebellious and disobedient,
Shall suffer death, by right and reason

O What laude, glory and greate honour
Unto these pious, that be devoted
The which by their good and honest
Censure our sins, and our offences
Whose famous names, for ever shall
Sette vs in order, grace and good example
To live directly, without any doubt

But many one, the which is rude and dull
Will despise them, and their doctrine
All in vaine, they do to waste and pain
When they therof, have no understanding
They growe out, where is no helpe
So dull they are, that they can not perceive
This tall arte, for to perceive in mynde

Ad than the .iii. parte, is elocution
When in order, hath the purpose brought
And set it in order by disposition
Without this thirde parte, it warleth right nought
Though it be founde, and in order brought
yet elocution, with the powre of Mercury
The mater exorneth, right well facundously

In fewe wordes, sweete and sententious
Depaynted with golde, harde in construction
To the artys eyes, sweete and delectious
The golden rethorike, is good recreation
And to the reder, right consolation
As we do golde, frome copper purifye

So that elocucion; both ryght well claryfy

The dulcet speche, frome the langage rude

Tellynge the tale, in termes eloquent

The barbare tongue, it doth ferre exclude

Electyng wordes, whiche are expedyent

In latyn, or in englyshe after the entent

Encensyng out, the aromatyke fume

Our langage rude, to exyle and consume

But what anayleth ouermore to lowe

The petyous stones, amonge gruntynge hogges

Draffe vnto them, is more meete I trowe

Let an hare and swyne, be amonge curte dogges

Though to the hares, were tyed grete clogges

The gentyll best, they wyll regarde nothyng

But to the swyne, take course of reppynge

Ad cloke the sentence, vnder mylly figures

By many colours, as I make relacyon

As the olde poetes, couered theyr scrypcyures

Of which the fyrste, is dyscrybucion

That to the euyl, for theyr abusyon

Doth gyue payne, and to the woorthy

Laude and prayse, them for to magnify

Of beste or byrd, they take a symple rude

In the condycyon, lyke to the party

Feble fayre, or yet of fowtitude

And vnder colour of this beste pryuel

Tha mozaill cense, they cloke full subtyl

In prayse or dysprayse, as it is reasonable

Of whose faynyng, fyrst rose the fable

Pleasure

J. i.

Con

Concludyng reason, gretely profitable,
Who that they: fables, can well moralise
The fruytfull sentences are delectable
Though that the fiction, they doo so deuyse
Under the colour, the trouth doth apse
Concludyng reason, ryche and connyng,
Pleasure, example, and also lernyng.

They farned, no fable wouthout reason
For reasonable is, al they: moralitie
And vpon reason, was they: conclusion
That the comon wot, by possibilitie
Mape well a iudge, the perfect vertue
Of they: sentence, for reason openly
To the comon wot, it doth so notify.

They: frutefull sentence, was gretelyche
The w:ych ryght surely, they myght well domyne
For lordshyp, w:leth, and also noblesse
The chaunce of fortune, can sone determyne
But what for this, she can not declpne
The noble science, whych after pouerte
Mape byng a man a gayne to dignitie,
Scence.

They: sentence is connyng, as appeteth well
For by connyng, they: arte doth engendre
And wouthout connyng, we knowe neuer a dele
Of they: sentence, but may sone surrendre
A true tale, that myght to vs rendre
Grece pleasure, if we were intelligible
Of they: connyng, nothyng impossible,
Pleasure.

What pleasure to the intelligent

It is to knowe, and haue perceuaunces
Of theyr connyng, so much expedience
And therto to haue good viteraunces
Redyng newe thynges, of so grete pleasure
Fedyng the mynd, wth foode insatiace
The tales newe, they are so delicate.

Example.

In an example, wth a mysty cloud
Of couert lykenesse the poetes do wyte
And vnderneath the crouch, doth so shroude
Both good and yll, as they lyst acqute
Wth similitude, they dyd so well endyte
As I here after, shall the crouch soone shew
Of all theyr mysty, and theyr fatall dewe.

The poetes sayne, howe that kyng Ablas
Heuen should bere, vpon hys shoulders hys
Because in connyng, he dyd all other pas
Especially, in the hygh astronomye
Of the .vi. planettes, he knewe so perfectly
The operations, how they were domitted
For whych poetes, hym so exemplified.

And in lyke wyse, vnto the sagittary
They fepne the centures, to be of lykenesse
As halfe man, and halfe hysse truly
Because Polyxus, wth hys worthynesse
Dyd fyrst attaine, and breke the wyldnes
Of the riall stedes, and ryght swyfly
Hys men and he rode on them surely.

And also Pluto, somtyme kyng of hell
A Lyre of Grece, standyng in the stalle

Between grete rockes, as the booke both tell.
Wherin were people, wythout any fayle.
Huge, fyerse, and strong in battayle.
Tyrantes, theues, replete wyth treason.
Wherfore poetes, by true comparison,

Unto the deuylles, blacke and redtous:
Dyd them resemble, in terrible fygure.
For they: my selfe purg, so foule and vycious.
As to thys daye, it both appere in vze.
Of Cerberus, the deflowred pycture
The porter of hell, wyth thre heades vgly.
Lyke an horrible graunt, fyerse and wonderly.

Because alway, hys customed tyranny
Was eleuate in hert, by hygh presumption.
Thynkyng hym selfe, most strong and myghty.
And secondly, he was destruction
Of many ladies, by yll compulsion.
And thyrde, his desyre insaciabie
Was to get ryches, full innumerable.

Thus for these thre vices abhominable
They made hym, wyth thre heades serpentyne.
And lyke a seend, his body semblable
For hys pryde, auarice, and allo rapyne.
The morall cense, can foone enlumyne
The fatall pycture, to be exuberant.
And to our syght clere, and not variaunte.

Also reherfed, the cronicles of Spayne.
How redoubted Hercules, by pyllanice
Fought: wylth an ydre, ryght grete certayne.

haupng seven heades, of full grette myschauunce
for whan that he, woth all hys ballaunce
had stryken of an head, ryght shortly
An other anon, arose ryght sodaynly,

Seven sophyngs, full hard and fallacpous
This poze bled, in pzepposition
Unto the people, and was full of gossous
To deuoure them, & here lacked responcion
And whan one reason, had conclusion
In other reason, than inconement
Began agayne, woth subtyll argument

For whych cause, the poetes reuerly
Woth. vii. heades, both thys poze depayne
For these. vii. sophyngs, full ryght close
But of rude people, the wytes are so faynt
That woth theyr connyng, they can not acquaynt
But whos chaclyl, theyr lence to letne
Theyr obscure fygures, he shall well decerne.

O redolent Well, of famous poetry
O cleere fountayne, replete woth sweteness
Beslerynge out, the dulcet dilicacy
Of. iiii. ryuers, in meruaylous wydenesse
Fayrer than Cygrys, or yet Eufrates
For the fyrst ryuer, is vnderstandyng
The second ryuer, close concludyng.

The thyrde ryuer, is called nouelty
The fourth ryuer, is called carbuncles
Amppdes of whom, the route is so goodly
Of Uryyll standeth, most solacous

Where he is entered, in stones precious
By this fayre toure, in a goodly grene
Thys well doth spring, both byght and cheere.

To vnderstandyng these. iiii. accident
Doctryne, percepueraunce, and exercyse
And also thereto is cōsupplent
Euermore, the perfect practyse
For fyrst doctryne, in all goodly wyse
The percepueraunt to wyche, in hys boote of wyll
In vnderstandyng, for to knowe good from ill.

So famous poetes, dyd by endoctrine
Of the ryght way, for to be intellectuall
They, fables they dyd, ryght so ymagyne
That by example, we may byde the stryfe
And wythout myschere, for to lede our lyfe
By the aduertence, of theyr storyes olde
The fruit wherof, we may full well beholde.

Depaynted on aras, how in antiquite
Dystroyed was, the grete cytie of Troie.
For a lytell cause, grounded on vanitie
To mortall cupn, they courned theyr Joye
Theyr vnderstandyng, they dyd than occupy
Nothyng p'pensyng, how they dyd prepare
To scourge them selfe, and byng them in a snare.

Who is opprest, wyth a lytell wrong
Reuengyn g it, he may it soone encrease
For better it is, for to suffer among
An injury, as for to keepe the peace
Than to begyne, whych he shal neuer cease

warre ones began, it is harde to knowe
who shall abyde, and who shall ouerthow.

The hygh power, honour, and noblenes
Of the myghty Romaynes, to whose excellencie
All the wyde worlde, so muche of sterres
Unto theyr empyre, was in obedience
Such was theyr famous poore, and preemynence
Tyll within themselves, there was a contrauersy
Makynge them selfe, theyr worthy spgneour.

It is euer, the grounde of sapience
Before that thou, accomplishe outwardly
For to reuolue, vnderstandyng and preperce
All in thy selfe, full often inwardly
The begynnyng, and the myddle certaynly
Wyth the ende, or thou put it in by
And werke wyth counsell, that thou mayst be sure.

And who that so doth, shall neuer repent
For his dede is founded, on a perfy grounde
And for to fall, it hath none impediment
Wyth surenes, it is so hygh walled rounde
In welch and ryches, it must needes habound
On euery syde, it hath such ordinaunce
That nothyng can do it anyvaunce.

Thus the poetes, conclude full closely
Theyr feuitfull problemes, for reformation
To make vs lerne, to lye directly
Theyr good intent, and true construction
Shewyng to vs, the whole affection
Of the way of vertue, welch and stable

And

And to shut the gate, of my cheirous entres

And evermore, they are ymaginryfe
Tales newe, from dawe to dawe to sayne
The extyng people, that are retractyfe
As to the ryght way, to byng them agayne
And who that lyst, they? sentence receyve
It shall hym prouffyt, yf he woll apply
To doo therafter, ful conueniently

Carbunels, in the most derke nyght
Doth shyne fayre, woth clere radiant beath
Explyng derkenes, woth his rapes lyght
And so these poetes, woth they? golden streames
Deuorde our rudenes, woth grete fyre lemes
They? centencious verses, are refulgent
Encensyng out, the odour redolent,

And is they? wo?ke also extynguyshible
Say truely, for it doth shyne ryght cleere
Thrughe shoulde derke, vnto the odoble
To whom truely, it may nothyng appeere
Wher connyng fayleth, the scyence so deere
Ignorance haceth, woth feruent enuy
And vnto connyng, is mortall ennemy,

O Ignorance, woth slouth so opprest
Open thy curtayne, so ryght dynne and berth
And evermore remembre, the behest
Of thy labour, to vnderstande thy werke
Of many a noble, and ryght famous clerke
Fy vpon slouth the nourysher of vyce
Whych vnto youth, doth often pryncesse.

Who

Who in youth lyst nothyng to lerne
He wyl repent hym often in hys age
That he the connyng, can nothyng decerne
Therefore now youth wyth lusty courage
Rule thy fleshe, and thy flouth aswage
And in thy youth, thy science engender
That in thyne age, it may the wo:ship render

Connyng is lyght, and also pleasaunt
A gentyll burden wythout greuousnes
Unto him that is ryght well applyaunt
For to bere it wyth al his besenes
He shal taste, the well of frutesfulnes
which Ayzyl claryfied, and also Cullpus
Wyth lacyr pure, swete and delicyous

from Whens my mayster Lydgate despyde
The depured rethorike, in englysh language
To make our tongue so clerely purfied
That the vyle termes, should nothyng arage
As lyke a pye, to chatter in a cage
But for to speke wyth rethorike formally
In the good order, wythouten bylany

And who his booke lyst to here or se
In them he shal fynd elocucion
Wyth a good order, as any may be
Keepyng ful close the moralizacyon
Of the trouth, of his great entencion
Whose name is registred in remembraunce
For to endure by longe conynuaunce

Now after this, for to make relacyon
Pleasur.

G.I.

Of famous rethorike, so in this part
As to the fourth part, pronouncacion
I shal it shew, anon right openly
Wyth many branches, of it spkerly
And how it taketh, the hole effect
In every place, degree and aspeece

Ca. xii.



When the matter is founde by inuencion
Be it mery, or yet of grete sadness
Secre in a place, by the disposicion
And by elocucions, famous clerenes
Exornate well, and redy to expres
Than pronouncacion, wyth chere and countenance
Conueniently, must make the utterance

Wyth humble voyce, and also moderate
Accordynge, as by hym is audyence
And if there be, a right hys estate
Than vnder honour, and obedyence
Reasonably done, vnto his excellencie
Pronouncynge his matter so facundious
In al due maner, to be contentuous

For though a matter be neuer so good
Yet it be tolde, wyth tongue of barbarie
In rude maner, wythoute the discrete mode
It is distourbanche, to a hole company
For to se them so rude, and boystously
Demeane them selfe, vtterynge the sentence
Wythoute good maner, or yett intelligence

It is a thynge, right greatly conuenable
To pronounce the matter, as it is conuenient

And to the hearers ryght delectable
Whan the viceroy, without impediment
With ryght good maner countenaunce, and entent
Doth his tale, unto them rectably
Keppinge his maner, and voyce full moderately

This is the custome, that the poetes vse
To tel thei; tale, with al due circumstance
The vylayne courage, they do much refuse
That is boystous and rude of governaunce
And evermore, they do them auance
Nurture, maner, and al gentlines
In thei; behauyng, with al semelynes

And thus the gentyl rethorician
Through the labour, of his ryal clergy
The famous nurture, originally began
Oppressynge our rudenes, and our folp
And so; to gouerne vs, ryght prudently
The good maner, encreasech dignitie
And the rudenes, also iniquitie

The famous poete, who so lyst to here
To tel this tale, it is solacpous
Beholdyng bys maners, and also bys chere
After the maner be it sad or ioyous
Yf it be sadde, his chere is dolorous
As in bewailynge a woful tragedp
That worthy is, to be in memoyp

And if the matter, be ioyfull and glad
Lyke countenaunce outwardly they make
But moderacyon in thei; myndes is had

So that outrage may them not ouertake
I can not wyte to muche for they take
Them to laude, for my tyme is shorte
And the mater longe, which I must repute

Ca. xiii.

And the. v. parte, is than memoratye
The whiche the perfyte mynistracion
Ordinately causeth to be retentye
Dyring the tale, to good conclusyon
For it behoueth, to haue respeccon
Unto the tale, and the veray grounde
And on what ymage, he his mater found

If to the oratour many a sundry tale
One after other, creatably be tolde
Than sundry ymages, in his closed male
Eche for a mater, he doth than well holde
Lyke to the tale, he doth than so beholde
and inwarde, a recapitulacion
Of eche ymage the moralazacion

whiche be the tales, he grounded pryncely
Vpon these ymages significacion
And whan tyme is, for him to specyfy
All his tales, by demonstracion
In due order, maner and reason
Than eche ymage, inwarde dyrectly
The oratour, doth take full properly

So is endynted, in his propre mynde
Euery tale wyth holt resemblaunce
By this ymage he doth his mater fynde
Eche after other, wythouten varpaunce

Who to this arte wyl grue attendaunce
As therof to know the perspctenes
In the poeres scole, he must haue interes

Than shal he know, by perspct study
The memorpal arte, of rebozphe defuse
It shal to him, so wel example fy
It hat him lyst the science to ble
Though at the fyrste it be to hym obtuse
Wyth exercise, he shalte well augment
Under cloudes derke, and termes eloquent

But now adayes, the synne of auaryce
Expleth the mynde, and the hole delpyght
To couer: connyng which is gret pzeludice
For insacratly so blynded is theyr sygh
Wyth the syluer, and the golde so byrghe
They nothing thynke, on fortune variable
Whych eal theyr ryches, shal make transmutable

The olde sages, they ryght clene abiect
Whych for our lernyng, the poeres dyd wyse
Wyth auaryce they arose, so soze infect
They take no hede, nothynge they wyte
Whych morally, dyd so nobly endyte
Reprouyng vice, prayfynge the vertue
Whiche ydelnes dyd euer more eschewe

Now wyl I cease, of lusty rethorike
I may not tary, for my tyme is shorte
For I must procede, and shew of arismetrike
Wich diuers nombres, which I must reporre
Hope inwardly doth me wel comforre

To bypnye my boke vnto a fynyshment
Of al my matter. and my true entenc

Ca. xlii.



Thoughtful herte, combled all aboute
Upon these of thyngs ignoraunce
For to sayle forth, thou site in grete doute
Ouer the waues, of grete encombrance
Wythout ony comforte, saute of espytaunce
Whiche the exhorteth, hardely to sayle
Vnto the purpose, wyth diligent trauayle

Mercurys aulter, bloweth frotrardly
Towarde the lande, and habitacon
Of thy wel fauerde, and moost fayre lady
For whose sake, and delectacon
Thou hast take, thy occupacon
Pryncypally, ryghe well to attayne
Her swete rewarde, for thy besy payne

Openyse herte, in the stormy perp
Mercur north west, thou mayst se appere
After tempest, so glad thyne eyes seep
Hopse by the sayle, for thou must draw nere
Towarde the ende, of thy purpose so clere
Remembre the, of the trace and daunce
Of poetes olde, wyth all the purueyance

As mozaill golwer, whose sentencous deuor
Hooone reflasheth, with fayre goldē beemes
And after Chaucers, all abrode doth she we
Our bycs to clense, his depared streames
Kynndlynge our hertes, wyth the frys lemes
Of mozaill vertue, as is probable

In all hys booke, so swete and profitable

The booke of fame, to which is sentencerous
He dyde hym selfe, on hys owne inuencion
And than the tragidyes, so pprous
Of the .xix. ladys, was his translation
And vpon hys ymaginacion
He made also, the tales of Caunterbury
Some vertuous, and some glad and mery

And of Troilus, the pprous dolour
For his lady Cressyde, full of doubtenes
He did bewaile, full well the langoure
Of al hys loue, and grete unhappines
And many other booke doucles
He dyd compyle, whose godly name
In prynced booke, doth remayne in fame:

And after him, myr mayster Lydgate
The monke of Bury, dyd hym wel applye
Both to contryue, and eke to translate
And of vertue, euer in especyally
For he dyd compyle chan full nally
Of our blessed lady, the conuersacion
Saint Edmundes life martyred with treason:

Of the fall of prynces, so ryght wofully
He dyd endyte, in all piteous wyse
Folowynge his auctoure, Bocas rusully
A right grete booke, he did truly compyle
A good ensample, for vs to dyspyle
This worlde so ful of mutabilite
In whiche no man, can haue a certente
Pleasure.

And thre reasons, ryght greatly profytable
Under coloure he cloked craftely
And of the choyle he made the fable
That sheweth the byrde, in a cage so closely
The pamphlete sheweth it expressely
He fayned also the courte of Sapience
And translated wyth al his dyligence

The great boke of the last destruccyon
Of the cite of Troye, whylome so famous
How for woman, was the confusyon
and betwene vertue and the lyfe vycious
Of goddes and goddes, a boke solacions
He dyd compyle, and the tyme to passe
Of loue he made the bryght temple of glasse

Were not these thre grete to commende
Whiche them applyed, such bokes to controue
Whose famous draughtes, no man can amende
The synne of flouth, they dyd from them dreyue
After theyr death, for to abyde on lyue
In worthy fame by many a nacyon
Theyr bokes theyr actes do make relacyon

O mayster Lydgate, the most dulcet sprynge
Of famous rethoryke, wyth balade & pall
The chese orygynall of my learnyng,
What bayleth it on you for to call
We for to arde, now in especiall
Synchen your body is now wrapte in chell
Appay god to gyue your soule good rest

O what losse is it, of suche a one

It is to grete cruelty, meeto; to tell
Synthen the tyme, that his lyfe was gone
In al this realme his pere did not dwell
Aboue al other he did so excell
None lich his tyme, arte wolde succede
After their death, to haue fame for their mede

But many a one is ryght well experte
In this connyng but vpon auctoryce
They sayne no tables, pleasaunt and couert
But spende they? tyme, in vaynful vanyte,
Makyng balades, of feruent ampte
As gesses and tryfles, wythout frutesfulnes
Thus al in vayne, they spende their besynes

I lytell oz nought expert in poetry
Of my mayster Lydgate, wpll folowe the trace
As euermore, so his name to magnify
Wyth suche lytle bokes by goddes grace
If in this worlde, I may haue the space
The lytell connyng, that his grace me sente
In tyme amonge, su suche wyse shall be spente

And yet nothinge, vpon presumption
Of my mayster Lydgate, I wpll not enuy
But all onely is mine entencion
Wyth suche labour my selfe to occupy
As whyte by blacke, doth shyne more clerely
So shal they? matters appere more pleasaunt
Besyde my draughtes, rude and ignoraunt

Ca. xv.

Now in my boke, serder to procede
To a chambze I wente, replete wyth ryche
H. i. where

Where sat arismetrike, in a golden bedde
Like a lady pure, and of great worthnes
The walles about, dyd full well expre
Wyth golde depaynted, euery perfyre nombre
To adde, detrahe, and to deuide a sonder
The rose was paynted, with golden beames
The Wyndowes cristall, clerely claryfyde
The golden rapys, and depured streames
Of radyant Phebus, that was purifyde
R'ght in the bull, that tyme so domysyde
Throughe wyndowes, was resplend' chaunt
About the chambze, sayze and radyaunt
I kneled downe, right soone on my kne
And to her I sayd, O lady marueylous
I r'ght humbly beseeche your maieste
Your arte to shewe, me so facundpous
Whyt he is defuse, and r'ght fallacyous
But I shall so apply myne exercyse
That the varyt routh, I shall well deuyse
My science said she, is right necessary
And in the myddes, of the sciences all
It is nowe sette, right well and parfytly
For vnto them, it is so specyall
Nombrynge so theyr werkes in generall
Wythout me, they had no partycenes
I must them nombre, alwayes doubteles
Wythout nombre, is no maner of chynge
That in our sight, we may well se
For God made all the begynnyng
In nombre perfyte, well in cecaynes
Who knewe arismetrike, in euery degre
All maner nombre, in his mynde were had

Both

Bothe to detraye, and to deuyde and adde
C But who wol knowe, all the experience
 It behoueth hym, to haue great lernynge
 In many thynges, wpth true intelligence
 Or that he can haue perfyre rekenynge
 In euery nombre, by expery connyng
 To reherse in englyshe, more of this science
 It were foly, and the great negligence
C I thought full longe till I had a syght
 Of la bell puce. I, the most fayre lady
 My minde, vpon her was bothe day and nyght
 The feruent loue, so perst me inwardly
 wherfore I went, anone right shortly
 Vnto the toure swete and melodyous
 Of Dame musyke, so gaye and gloryous

Ca. xv.

W han splendent Phebus in his mydday spere
 was hyght in gemine, in the fresche season
 Of lusty maye, with golden beames clere
 And derke Diane made declynacion
 whan floza florished in this nacion
 I called to mynde, right inwardly
 The repozte of fame, somuche entensly
C Of la bell pucell, in the toure musycall
 And right anone vnto the toure I went
 Where I sawe a temple, made of cristall
 In whiche musyke, the lady excellent
 Played on base organs expedient
 Accordinge well, vnto dyapason
 Dyapenche, and eke dyatesson
C In this temple, was great solempnyte
 And of muche people, there was great ptease
 I looked about, whether I coude se

Labell pucell, my langour to cease
I coude not se her, my payne dyd encrease
Tyl that I spyed her, aboue in a rauce
which to my here, did make so soze assaunte

Wyth her beaute clere, and swete countenaunce
The stroke of loue I coude no chynge resyste
And anone wythout lenger cyscumstaunce
To her I wente, oz that her person wythe
Her thought I knew not, she thought as she lyst
By her I stode, wyth bette soze and faynte
And dyd my selfe, wyth her sone acquaynte

The comyn wyte, dyd full lytell regarde
Of dame musyke, the dulcet armony
The eres herde not, for the mynde inwarde
Venus had rapte, and taken feruently
Imagination wrought full pryncely
The fancasly gaue, perseyte Jugement
Alway to her, for to be obedyent

By estymacion, muche doubtfully I cast
Whether I should, by long tyme and space
Accepye her, oz els to loue in wast
My herte sobbed, and quaked in this case
I stode by her, ryght nere in the place
Wyth many other, fayre ladies also
But so fayre as she, I neuer sawe no mo

The feste done, dame musyke dyd go
She folowed after, and she wolde not tary
Farewell she sayde, for I must parte you fro
Alas thought I, that fortune doth so vary
my sadde body, my heuy herte did tary
I coude not speke my herte was nere broken

But wth my head, I made her a token

Whan she was gone, inwardly than wrought
Upon her beaute, my mynde retentyfe
Her goodly fygure I graued in my thought
Except her selfe, all were expulseyfe
My mynde to her, was so ententyfe
That I folowed her, into a temple ferre
Replete wth Joy, as bryght as any sterre

Where dulcet floza, her aromatyke dewe
In the fayre temple, adovne dyd dyspyll
All abrode, the fayre dropes dyd shewe
Encensynge out, all the vapours yll
Wth suche a sweetenes, floza dyd fulfyll
All the temple, that my gobone well shewed
The lycoure swete, of the dropes endewed

And so to a chambze, full solacyous
Dame musyke wente, wth labell pucell
All of Jasper, wth stones precyous
The rose was wrought, curyously and well
The wyndowes glased, metuaylously to tell
Wth cloth of tyssue, in the rychest maner
The walles were hanged, hye and cyrculer

There sat dame musyke, wth al her mynstrelsy
As tabours, trumpettes, wich pipes melodious
Sakbuttes, organs, and the recorder sweetly
Harpes, lutes, and crouddey ryght delycyous
Cymphāg, douffemers, wth claricibales glorio
Rebeckes, clarcyordes, eche in theyr Degre
Dyd sytte aboute, theyr ladyes mayeste

Before

Before dame musyke, I doo knele a dobone
Saying to her O sayre lady pleisant
your prudence repneth, moſte hye in renobone
For you be euer ryght concordant
With perfyte reason, whiche is not variaunt
I beſeche your grace, with all my diligence
To inſtruce me, in your noble ſcience

It is the ſayde, ryght gretely proffitable
For muſike doth ſette, in all vytye
The diſcorde thynges whiche are variable
And deuordeth myſchiefe and great iniquite
Where lacketh muſyke, there is no pleynte
For muſyke is concord, and alſo peace
Nothyng without muſyke, may well encreaſe

The .vii. ſciences, in ooe monacoſde
Eche by on other, do full well depende
Muſyke hath them, ſo ſet in conſorde
That all in one, may ryght well extende
All perfyte reason, they do ſo comprehend
That they wape, and perfyte doctrine
To the more aboue, whiche is celeſtine

And yet alſo, the perfyte phyſyke
Whiche appertayneth well to the body
Doth well reſemble, vnto the muſyke
What the inward incrypſe ſourthly conſtate
That nature can not, worke by recte
Than both phyſike, the partes inſeriall
In orde ſet to their orygyall
But yet phyſyke, cannot be lybrall

As the. vii. science by good auctorite
Which ledeth the soule, the way in specyall
By good doctrine, to dame eternite
Onely of phisike, it is the properte
To ayde the body, in euery sickness
That is right frayle, and full of byrtilnes

And because phisike, is appendaunt
Unto the body, by helpe of medecyne
And to the soule, nothing appropinaunt
To cause the body for to enclyne
In eternal felicity, so the soule to domyne
For to the body, the science seuen
Doth teche to lede the soule to heuen

And musike selfe it is melodious
To reioyce the pates, and comforte the braynes
Sharpiſh & whettes, with sounde solacious
Deuor'nyng bad thoughtes, whiche dyd remaine
It gladdeth the herte, also well certayne
Lengthe the lyfe, with dulcet armony
As is good recreation, after study

She commaunded her mynstralles, right anon to play
Amours the swete, and the gentil daunce
With la bell pucell, that was fayre and gaye
She me recommaunded with all plesaunce
To daunce true mesures, without vncertaunce
O forde god, how glad than was I
So for to daunce with my swete lady

By her ptopre hande, soft as any syke
With due obersaunce, I dyd her than

Her skynne was white, as whales bone or mylke
My thought was rauyned, I might not allake
My brennyng here, the fyre dyd make
These daunces cruelly, must he hath me taught
To lute or daunce, but it was playth nought

For the fyre kyndled, and waxed more and more
The dauncynge blew it, wyth her beance clere
My hert sekened, and began to waxe sore
I mynute, bi houres, and, bi houres a pere
I thought it was, so heuy was my chere
But yet for to couer my great loue atyght
The outwarde cositenaunce, I made glad and lichte

And for fere myne eyes, should my hert betray
I toke my leue, and to a temple wente
And all alone, I to my selfe dyd sape
Alas what fortune hath me hythre sence
To deuorde my Joy, and my hert corment
No man can tell, howe great payne it is
But yf he wyl fele it, as I do pwp.

Alas o lady, how cruell arte thou
Of pyteous doloure, so to buyde a nest
In my true hert, as thou doh ryght nowe
Yet of all ladies, I must loue the best
Thy beance chere, dyd me sure arrest
Alas wyth loue, when that it doth the please
Thou mayst cease my care, and my payne lone ease

Alas how sore, maye I nowe betwayne
The pyteous chaunce, whiche dyd me happen
My ladies toke, dyd me so assaple

That sodapnly: my herte was in a trap
By Venus caught: and wryth so sore a clasp
That through the greates stroke had perle
alas for wo: I could not reuerse

Farewel all ioye: and al perfyte pleasures
farewel my luste: and my hynges
for wo is comen: wryth me to endure
Now must I lede my lyfe in moynynge
I maye not lye: or yet daunce or syng
O la bel pucel: my lady glorious
you are the cause that I am so dolorous

Alas fayre lady: and myne owne swete herte
wryth my seruyce: I yelde me to your wyl
you haue me fettered: I may not aserte
At your pleasure: ye may me saue or kyll
Bicause I loue you: wyl you now me spyl
alas it were a piteous case in dede
That you wryth deeth: should rewarde my mede

Alas that I am ryght wo begone
for I of loue: dare not to you speke
for feare of nay: that may encrease my moene
A nay of you myght cause my herte to breke
Alas I wretche: and yet vnhappy peke
Into such trouble/misery and thought
With sight of you: I am into it brought

And to my selfe: as I made complaints
I espyed a man: ryght nere me beforne
Whycher right anone dyd wryth me acquaynt
He thynke he saide: that ye are nere forlorne
Pleasure. I. I. wryth

Wpeth inwarde payne, that your heart hath borne
Be not so pensyfe, call to mynde agayne
How of one sorowe, ye do now make thwyne

Myne inwarde sorowe, ye begyn to double
Go your way quod I, for ye can not me ayde
Tell me he sayde, the cause of my trouble
And of my wo, he nothyng afrayde
We thynke that sorowe, hath you ouerlayde
Dyue of no lenger, but tell me your mynde
It may me happe a remedy to fynde

A quod I, it vayneleth not your speche
I wyll wpeh you, neuer haue medlynge
Let me alone, the most unhappy wretche
Of all the wretches, that is perlyuynge
Suche is the chaunce, of my bewaylynge
Go on your waye, you are nothyng the better
Come to speke, to make the sorowe gretter

Forsoth he sayd, remembre thynges thre
The fyrst is that ye may sorowe longe
Vnto your selfe, or that ye ayded be
And secondly, in great paynes stronge
To muse alone, it myght turne you to wronge
The thyrde is it myght, you wel ease cruely
To tel your mynde, to a frende right trusty

It is a Jewell, of a frende of trust
As at your nede, to tell the secretenes
Of all your payne, and feruent lust
Hys counseyle soone, may helpe and redres
Your payneful wo, and mortall heynnes

None is naught, for to thynke and muse
Therefore good sonne, do me not refuse

And syth that you are, plunged all in thought
Beware the pyt, of dolorus dyspayre
So to complayne, it vapereth you ryght nought
It may so fortune, ye loue a lady fayre
Whych to loue you, wyl nothyng repayre
O, els ye haue lost, great londe of substance
By fatali chaunge, of fortunes ordinaunce

Tell me the cause, though that it be so
In cause you loue, I knowe it by experyence
It is a payne, engendryng great wo
And hard it is, for to make respyence
Agaynst suche loue, of feruent byolence
The loue is dyedefull, but neuertheles
There is no soze, nor yet no lyknes

But there is a salve, and remedy therfore
So for your payne, and your sorowe great
Councell is medicine, which may you restore
Unto your desyre, without any let
If ye wyl tell me, where your herte is set
In the chapyre of sorowe, no great doubt it is
To fynde a remedy, for your payne p'p'ys

A physycken cruelly, can lyttel descerne
Ony maner sickenes, without syght of byrne
No more can I, by good counsell you letne
All suche woofull trouble, for to determyne
But if you mekely, wyl to me enclyne
To tell the cause, of your great heuynesse

Disasute.

I.ii.

De

Of your inkarde trouble/and woful sadnes

Than I began/with all my diligence
To here him speke/so grounden on reason
And in my minde/did make aduertence
How it was holssome/in tribulation
To saue a good and a trewe companion
For to know my sorow:and my woful grefe
It myght me comforte:and ryght wel relese

And of him than: I asked this question
What was his name? I prayd him me tel
Counseyl quod he/the which solucion
In my woful mynde:whiche I like ryght wel
and pruely. I did his lesson spel
Sayeng to him my chaunce and desteny
Of al other:is the mooste unhappye

Why so quod he:though fortune be strange
To you a while:turnyng of her face
Her louring there: she may ryght sone chaunge
And you excepte:and cal vnto her grace
Dyspayre you not:for in good tyme and space
Nothyng there is:but wysdom may it wynde
To tell your mynde / I praye you to begynne

Vnto you quod I/with al my hole assent
I Wyl tell you trouth/and you wyl not belmay
Vnto none other/my mater and entent
Say nay quod he/you shall not se that day
your hole a fpaynce/and trust ye well yemay
In to me put/for I shall not bary
But kepe your counsell/as a secret ry

And than to hym/in the maner solo Wynges
I dyd complayne/with spghing teres depe
Alas quod I/you shall haue knowledgyng
Of my heuy chaunce/that causeth me to wepe
So wo I am/that I can neuer slepe
But Walowe and tumble in the trappe of care
My heart was caught/or that I was ware

It happened so/that in a temple olde
By the roue of musyke/at great solemnyte
Labell pusell/I dyd ryght well beholde
Whose beaute clere/and great humilite
To my heart dyd cast/the darte of a nyte
After Whyche stroke,so harde and saruent
To her excellence/I came incontinent

Beholdyng her there/and lovely countchaunce
Her garmentes ryche/and her propre stature
I registered/Well in my remembraunce
That I neuer sa we/so fayre a creature
So well fauored create by nature
That harde it is/for to wyte with ynke
All the beaute/or ony hert to thynke

fayrer she was/than was quene Gyne
Proserpyne/Cresyde/or yet ypolite
Medea/Dydo/or yonge Doleryne
Alcumena/or quene Menelape
Or yet dame rosamoude/in certaynte
None of all these/can haue the p. emynence

Durynge the fest/I stode her nere by
Pleasure. J.ij. But

But than he beaue, encreased my payne
I coude nothyng resyst the contrayn
She wrapt my herte, in a brennyng chayne
To the musycall coure, she went than agayne
I wente after, I roud not behynde
The chayne she haled, wpych my heart dpyd bynde

Tyl that we came, into a chamber gaye
Where that musyke, wpych all her mynstrelsy
Byuers bale daunces, moost sweetly dpyd playe
That them to here, it was great melody
And dame musyke, commaunded curteysly
A bell pucell, wpych me than to dounce
Whome that I toke, wpych all my pleasure

By her swete honde, begynnyng the trace
And longe dpyd daunce, tyl that I myghte not hyde
The paynfull loue, wpyche dpyd my heart enbrace
Bycause wherof, I toke my leue that tyde
And to thys temple, where I do abyde
Forthe than I went, alone to betwyle
My mortall sorowe, wpythout any fayle

Now haue I tolde you, all the veray trouthe
Of my woofull chaunce, and great unhappynesse
I praye you nothyng, wpych me co be wrothe
Wpyche am drouned, in carefull wretchednesse
By fortune plunged, in of doublenes
A sayd counseyle, doubt ye neuer a dele
But your disease, I shal by wysdome hele

Remember yet, that neuer yet was he
That in this worlde, dpyd lede all his lyfe

In Joye and pleasure, without aduersitye
No worldly thyng, can be without stryfe
For vnto pleasure, payne is as necessarye
Who wyll haue pleasure, he must first apply
To take the payne, with hys cure besely

To serue the Joye, whych after death ensue
Rewardyng payne, for the great busynesse
No doubte your lady, wyll vpon you tye
Seinge you apply all your gentylnes
To do her pleasure, and seruce doubles
Harde is heart, that no loue hath felt
For for no loue, wyll than encline and melt

Remembre ye, that in olde antiquyte
How worthy Troilus, the mighty champion
What payne he suffered, by great extremyte
Of seruent loue, by a great longe season
For his lady Cressyde, by great tribulacion
After his sorowe, had not he great Joye
Of hys lady, the fayrest of all Troye

And the famous knyght: pelypped Doughty
Whych loued Sydoine, so muche enterly
What payne had he: and what care dolorous
For his lady: wyth loue so mercynously
Was not her heart: wounded ryght woefully
After hys payne, his lady dyd her cure
To do hym Joye: honoure and pleasure

Who was wyth loue: moze woefully arrayed
Than were these twayne, and many other mo
The power of loue: hath them so asayde

That and I lyst, I coude not reherse also
To Whome true loue hath wrought mykel doo
and at the ende haue had their desyre
Of al their sorow for to quenche the fyre

Langur she no more, but plucke vp thyne herte
Eyle dyspayre, and liue a while in hope
and kepe your loue al close and couerte
It may so fortune, that your lady grope
Somewhat of loue for to drynke a sope
Though outwardly she dare not let you know
But at the last as I beleue and trowe

She can not kepe it so priuely and close
But that somwhat to you it shal appere
By countenaunce: how that her loue arose
If that she loue you: he loue is so dere
Whan you come to her she wyl make you chere
Wyth countenaunce: accordyng vnto loue
ful priuely for to come to her aboute

Sendyng of loue: the messanger before
Which is her eyes: Wyth louely lokes swete
for to beholde you: than euer more and more
After the tyme: that you together mete
Wyth louyng wordes: she wyl you than grete
Sorow no more: for I thynke in my mynde
That at the last: she wyl be good and kynd

Mas quod I: she is of hye degre
Borne to great land: treasure and substance
I fere to soze I shal dysdained be
The whych wyl trouble al my greuaunce

Her beaute is the cause of my penaunce
I haue no great lande:treasure nor riches
To wyne the fauour, of her noblenes

What thaghe quod he, draw you not abacke
For she hath inough in her possession
For you both, for you shal neuer lacke
If that ye order it, by good reason
and so in perfite consyderacyon
She wyll wyth loue, her grene flouryng age
Wasse forth in ioye, pleasure and courage

youth is alway, of the course ryght lyght
Hote and moyste and full of lustines
Moost of the ayre it is ruled by ryght
and her complexion hath these intres
Upon sangyn, the ayres holsonnes
She is not yet in al, aboute. xviij. yere
Of tender age, to pleasure moost dere

Golde or syluer, in any maner of wyse
for sangyne youth, it is al contrarie
So for to coueyte: for it doth aryse
Onely engendred, vpon the melancoly
Whych is dye colde, and also erthely
In which the golde, is trulye multiplyed
ferre frome the ayre, so clerely purifyed

Thus couetyse, shal nothing surmount
your yonge ladyes herte, but onely nature
Shal in her mynde, make her to account
The grete losse of youth, her speyal treasure
She knoweth she is a ryght fayre creature

Pleasure.

b. l.

Da

No doubt it is, but ye pꝑꝛly amonge
So hye is nature, wyth his Werkes stronge

That she of force, the mannes compꝛy
Must well conueyte, for she may not respite
Dane natures Werke, Which is so secretly
Thoughe she be mayde, let her say What she lyst
She wolde haue man, though do man it wylt
To make her I ye whan nature doth agre
Her thought is heers, it is vnto her fee

Who spareth to speke, he spareth to spede
I shall proude for you conuenient
A gentyl tyme for to attayne your mede
That you shall go, to your lady excellent
And ryght before take good aduysment
Of all the mater, that ye wyl her she we
Vpon good reason, and in wordes se we

Thus past we tyme, in communicatyon
The after none, wyth many a sentement
And what for loue, was best conclusyon
We demed oft, and gaue a Iudgement
Tyll that in the euen, was refulgent
Fayre golden Mercury, wyth hys beames bryght
About the ayre castinge, his pured lycht

Them to a chambꝛe, Wete and pꝛecyous
Councell me ledde, for to take my reste
The night was Wete, and also tenebꝛous
But I my selfe, with sorow we oppꝛest
Dyd often muse, what was for me best
Vnto my fayre lady, for to tell or saye

And all my drede was, for fere of a nare

Though that my bedde, was easie and softe
yet dyd I toamble, I myght not lye still

On euery syde, I tourned me ful ofte

upon the loue, I had so set my Wyll

Longynge ryght sore, my mynde to fulfyll

I called counseyle, and prayed hym to awake

To gyue me counseyle, what were best to take

Haha quod he, loue doth you so prycke

That yet your heart wyll nothyng be eased

But euermore, be feble and sycke

Tyll that our lady, hath it well appesed

Thoughe ye thynke longe, yet ye shall be plesed

I wolde quod I, that it were as ye say

I fe fe quod he, dyue such dyspayre away

And lyue in hepe, whych shall do you good

Foy cometh after, whan the payne is past

Be ye pacient, and sobre in mode

To wepe and wayle, all is for you in wast

Was neuer payne, but it had ioye at last

In the fayre morow. ryse and make you redy

At. ix. at the clocke, the time is necessary

for vs to walke, vnto your lady gent

The bodyes aboue, be than well domysyde

To helpe vs forwarde: Without ympediment

Loke what ye say: loke it be deryfyde

Frome perfyte reason: Well exemplyfyde

for sake her not: houghe that she say naye

A womans guyse: is euermore to delaye

pleasure.

It. ii.

Ad

No castell can be of so great a strength
If that there be a sure spege to it layde
It must yelde vp, or els We be worne at length
Though that tofore, it hath bene longe delayde
So continuance, may you ryght wel apde
Some womans herte: can not so harded be
But besy labour: may make it agre

Labour and dyligence: is full meruaylus
Whych bryngeth a louer to his promocyon
Nothyng to loue: is more despyous
Than instant labour: and delectacyon
The harded harte, it geueth occasyon
For to consyder: how that her seruauit
To obtayne her loue: is so attendaunt;

Thus al in comonyng: be the nyght did passa
Tyll in the ayre: wyth cloudes fayre and rede
By syn was Jhebus: by nyng in the glasse
In the chamber, his golden rayes were spred
and Dane derlyng pale as any leade
Whan the lytle bydes: sweetely dyd syng
Wyth tunes musicall: in the fayre mornyng

Of the delorous and lowly disputacion betwene La
bel pucell and Graundamoure. Ca. Fbiil.



Cuncell and I than rose ful quickely
 and made vs redy on her way to walke
 In your cleyly wedde apparayled properly
 what I wolde saye: I dyd vnto hym talke
 tyl on his boke: he began to talke
 how the sonne entred Was in Gempne
 Ande ke Gyane ful of mutabilite

Entred the Crab: her propre man: pon
 Pleasure. **b. m.** **Chap**

Than ryght amydde, of the dragons bed
And Venus, and she made conuincyon
fro the combust way, she had her so sped
she had no let, that was to be dredde
The allured ayre, was depainted clere
Wyth golden beames, of fayre Phebus spere

Than forth so went good counsell and I
At. vi. a clocke, vnto a garden fayre
By musykes soun, walked most goodly
Wherela bell pucell, bled to repayre
In the swete morninge, for to take the ayre
Amonge the floures, of aromatyke fume
The mysty ayre, to exyle and consume

And at the gate, we met the portresse
That was right gentill, and called curtepy
Whych salued vs, wyth wordes of mekenesse
And axed vs, the veraye cause and why
Of our compynge, to the gardeyne sothel
Truly saide we, for nothyng but well
A lytel to speke, with la bell pucell

Truly quod she, in the garden grene
Of many a swete, and sundry floure
She maketh a garlond, that is veray shene
Wyth true lounes, wrought in many a coloure
Replete with swetenes, and dulcet odoure
And all alone, wythout company
Amydde an herber, she sitteth pleasauntly

Now stande you styll for a lytle space
I wyll let her, of you haue knowledgyng

And

And ryght anon, she went to her grate
Tellyng her than, how we were compage
To speke wyth her, gretly desyringe
Truly she sayd, I am right well content
Of theyr comyng, to kno wthe hole entent

Then good curtesy, without taryenge
Came unto vs, wyth all her diligence
Prayeng vs, to take our entryng
And come unto the ladies pience
To tell your errande, to her excellence
Than in we wente, to the garden glorious
Lyke to a place, of pleasure most solacous

Wyth flora paynted, and brought curiously
In diuers knottes, of maruapulous gretnes
Rampande Lyons, stode by wonderly
Had: all of herbes, with dulcet sweetenes
Wyth many dragons, of meruaploous likenes
Of dyuers floures, made ful craftely
By flora coloured: wyth colours sundry

Amidde the garden: so worke delectable
There was an herbe: fayne and quantite
To paradyse: right well comparable
Set all about: with floures fragrant
And in the myddle: there was repleyned with
A dulcet spring: and maruapulous fountaine
Of golde and asure: made all extaine

In wonderfull: and curious similitude
where stode a dragon: of fyne golde so pure
Upon his taylor: of myghty fortitude

by etched

Wretched and shaled al wyth a sure
Hauyng thre hodes: dylers in fygure
Whyche in a bath of the syluer grette
Spouted the water that was so dulcette

Besyds whiche fountayne: the moost fayre lady
La bel pucel: was gayly spring
Of many floures: fayre and pailly
a goodly chaplet: she was in makynge
Her heer was downe so cleerly shynynge
Lyke to the golde late purtyed wyth fyre
Her heer was dyght: as the dyane wyre

Lyke to a lady: for to be moost trewe
She was a fayre: and goodly garment
Of moost pure beluet: al of Indyble we
Wyth atmyras powdered: bo: dyed at the bent
On her fayre handes: as was conuenient
a payre of gloues: syght slender and softe
In approachyng nede: I did beholde her oft

And whan that I came: before her presence
vnto the ground: I did knele adowne
Sayeng o lady: moost fayre of excellence
O there so clere: of vertuous renowne
Whose beaute fayre: in euery realme and towne
Indued wyth grace: and also wyth gooddes
Dane fame the her self: doth eue: more expresse

Please it your grace: for to gyue audyence
vnto my wofull: and pitous complaynte
How feruent I am: wythout respytence
My careful herse: hath made low and faynte

And you therof/are the hole constraynt
your beauty try ly/hath me fettered faste
wythout your helpe/my life is nerehand paste

Ducell.

Stande by quod she/I maruayle of this case
What sodayne loue/hath you so arayne
wyth so great payne/your heart to embrace
And why for me/ye should be so dismayde
As of your lyfe/ye neede not to be afrayde
For ye of thamo I haue no greater aibe
But when ye lyst ye may your loue wythdrawe

Amoure.

Than stode I by, and right so did she
Alas I sayd than, my heart is so set
That it is yours/it may none other be
your selfe hath caught it in so sure a net
That if that I may not/your fauour get
No doubt it is/the great payne of loue
May not as wage/tyl death it remove

Ducell.

Truely quod she/I am obedient
Unto my frendes/whych do me so guyde
They shal me rule as is conuenient
In the snare of loue/I wyl nothing flyde
My chaunce or fortune/I wyl yet abide
I thanke you/for your loue right humbly
But I your cause/can nothing remedy

Amoure.

Alas madame/ye I haue enterprysed
A thyng to hye truely/for my degre
All that causes/whych I haue commysed
Hath ben on fortunes gentyl byrte
Trusting truely that she wold fauour me

Pleasure.

L.j.

In

In this case, wherfore now excuse
your humble seruants, and not me refuse

Ducell,

Ha ha, What payleth all your flattery
your fained wordes, shall not me appeale

To make myre better, to encline to wantonly
For I my selfe, now do nothinge suppose

But for to proue me, you flatter and glose
You shall not dye as long as you speake

There is no love, can cause your better to be
In Amoure.

I wolde madame, ye hadde prerogatyue
To knowe the pryuate of my partyte mynde

How all in payne, I lede my wofull lyfe
Than as I trowe, ye wolde not be vnkynde

But haue some grace, I myght to you spynke
To cause myne better, whiche you fetterd lute

Wpeth byenninge cheynes, such as we to endure
Ducell,

By veray reason, I may giue Iudgement
That it is guyle of you everychone

To sayne you sike, wpth subtyll argument
Whan to your lady, ye list to make your mon

But of your true, is there fewe or none
For all your parne, and wordes eloquent

Wpeth dame repentance, I will not be spent
In Amoure.

O swete madame, now all my destiny
Unhappy and happy, vpon you doth greue

If that you call me vnto your mercy
I fall happy the most happy I trow

Chan

Then shall I be, of hye degree of lohis
And yf pelyste / some than to forsake
Of all vnhappy / none shall be my make

Ducell.

Your fortune on me, is not more applyed
Than vpon other, for my minde is free
I haue your purpose oft ynough denyed
You knowe your answer were now certayne
What nede your wordes, of curpse
We here nomore, for thou shalt not spee
Go loue an other, where ye may haue mede

Amoure.

That shall I not though that I conserne
All my lyfe, in payne and hapnes
I shall not chaunge you, for none other new
You are my lady, you are my maistres
Whome I shall serue with all my gentrynes
Exple him neuer, from your hert to dete
Whych vnto hye, hath sette you most nere

Ducell.

The minde of men chaungech as the moone
If you merteone, whych is fayne and bryght
Ye loue her best, cyll be se right soone
In other fayre, vnto your owne sight
Vnto her than, your minde is tourned right
Cruely your loue, though ye make it strange
I knowe full well, ye wyl often chaunge

Amoure.

Blas madame, now the bright lites lere
Of my true herte where euer I go or ryde
Thoughe that my body, be from you afere
Yet my herte onely shall with you abyde
Whan than you lyll, ye may for me proude

L. II.

Have

Ducell.

May truly/it can nothing be mine
For I therof take no possession
your heart is your, by substance all lyne
It is not in my domynion
Loue where ye like at every season
your heart is free/ I do not it accept
It is your owne/ I haue it neuer kept

Amoure.

Alas madame/ ye may say as ye like
Wyth your beaute, ye toke mine heart in snare
your lovely lokes/ I coude not resist
your vertuous maner, encreaseth my care
That of all Joye/ I am deuor'd and bare
I se your right often, as I am a slepe
And whan I wake, do sigh with teares depe

Ducell.

So great decept/ amonge men there is
That harde it is/ to finde one full stable
ye are so subtil/ and so false & wile
your great decepte/ is nothing commendable
In storyes olde, it is well prouable
How many ladies/ hath bene right falsely
Wyth men deceyued/ yll and subtilly

Amoure.

O goodd madame/ though that they abused
Them to theyr ladies/ in theyr great decepte
yet am I true/ let me not be refused
ye haue me taken/ wyth so fayre a bayte
That ye shall neuer/ out of my conceyte
I can not wypryde/ by no wyle nor Croke
My heart is fall/ vpon so sure a roke

Ducell.

ye so sayd they/ tyll that they had their wyl

Theyr

They? Well accomplished, they dyd lie at large.
for men say wel but they thinke full, yll
Though out warde I wetenes, you tōge doth enlarge
yet of your heart / I neuer can haue charge
for men do loue / as I am right sure
Now one no w other / after they pleasure

Almoure.

All that madame: I know right perfectly
Some men there be of that condition
That them deelyte often in noueltie
And many also loue perfectly
I cast all suche nouelles in obliuion
My loue is set vpon a perfect grounde
No falshe in me: truly shal be founde

Ducell.

ye saye full well: yf yemeane the same,
But I in you: can haue no confidence
I thinke right well: that it is no game
To loue vnloved: wth perryng influence
you shall in me fynde no such negligence
To grante you loue for yare buth yf
As two or thre: to me doth spectyfe

Almoure.

Was neuer lower: Without enemies thre
As enuy, malyce, and perturbance
They? tonges are popson into a myre
What man on liue can bee such gouernance
To attayne the fauour: without payance
Of euery persone but right properly
Behinde his backe: some sayth unhappely

Ducell.

Trouthe it is: but yet in this case
your loue and myne is full serre asunder

But

Butt oughte that I do, your herte so chere
If I dyede you, it is therof no wonder
Wyth my frendes, I am so kepte vnder
I dare not luge, but as they asorde
They thynke to make me, as a myghty lorde
Amour.

I knowe madame, that your frendes all
Winto me sure, wylle be contraryous
But what for that, your selfe in speciall
Remembre there is, as lone to you
As is your owne to you most precious
Wyll you gyue your poethe, and your floureng age
To them, agaynst your mynde in marriage
Amour.

Agaynst my mynde, of that I see I loche
To wed for fere, as them to see
Yet had I leuer, they were somwhat wythe
For I my selfe, do bere the locke and key
Yet of my mynde, and wyll so many a daye
Whene owne I am, what that I lyke to be
I stande vntyd, there is no hope yette
Amour.

O Sweete lady, the good perfitte stee
Of my true herte take pe now pte
Thynke on my payne, whiche am to lose you here
Wyth your sweete eyes, beholde you and se
How thought and wo, by grent extempere
Hath chaunged my huse in to pale and drewe
It was not so, when I to love began
Amour.

So me thynke, it doth rhye well appere
By your coloure, that I have had done you
Your heur countenance, and your bolde face there
Hath

Each lone surbenight, for to any you so
In so the ze a space, I may nyle moche also
What ye wolde lone me, so sure in certayne
Before ye knewe, that I wolde lone agayne.

My good deue herte it is no myracle how
Your beaute cleare, and lovely shewd were
My herte dyde perce, with love so soverely
At the fyrste tyme, that I dyde you meete
In the olde temple, when I dyde you greet
Your beaute my herte, so surely assayed
That syth that tyme, it hath to you obeyde:

Our wo and payne, all your languishinge
Continually, ye shall not spende in vayne
Wherby I am cause, of your great mowryng
Nothyng errie you, shall I by dysdayne
Your hert and myne, shall neuer parte in vayne
Though at the fyrste I wolde not condescende
It was for fere, ye dyde some pte entende.

Amore
With thought of yll, my mynde was neuer myrte
To you madame, but alway cleane and pure
Bothe daye and nyght, vpon you hole perspyre
But I my mynde, yet durst nothyng discure
Now for your sake, I dyd suche wo endure
Tyll now this houre, with dyedfull hert so feryt
To you sweete herte, I haue made my complayne:

I demed ofte, you loued me before
By your demenour, I dyde it aspyre
And in my mynde, I auger yet more
That at the laste, ye wolde full secretly

Tell me your mynde: of loue right gentill
As ye haue done: for my merry to craue
In all worshyppe: you shal my true loue haue

O lord god than: how Joyfull was I
She looked on me: with lowly countenance
I kyst her ones: with this right sweetly
Her depured bylage: replete with pleasure
Reioyced my heart: with amorous purueuance
O lady close: that perste me at the rote
O floure of comfort: all my heale and bote

O gemme of vertue: and lady excellent
Aboue all other: in beauteous goodlynesse
O euen bright: as sterre resplendent
O profounde cause: of all my lechennesse
Now all my Joye: and all my gladnesse
Wolde god that we were: Joynd in one
In marriage before: this day were gone
Ducell

A sayd she: ye must take a payne a while
I must depart: by the compulcyon
Of my frendes I wyl not you begyle
Though they me led to a ferre nacion
My heart shal be: without variation
Wyth you present: in perfect sykenes
As true and stable: without doublenes

To me to come: is harde and daungerous
Whan I am there: for gyantes dwelle
With monstres also: blacke and tedious
That by the way: wayte full cruelly
For to distroye you: and vntrely

Whan

Whan I am there, for gyantes bely
Wyth two monstres, also blacke and teduous
That by the waye, alwayte full cruelly
For to distrope you, yll and vtterly
Whan you that way, do take the passage
To attayne my loue, by hys aduantage
Amoure.

All that ma dame, was to me certyfide
By good dame fame, at the begynnyng
Whan she to me, of you well notyfide
As she came frome the toure of lernynge
Of all such enemies, the myght excludynge
I promyse vnto you, here full sayt, fully
Whan I departe, frome dame astonomy

That I wyll to the toure of chualry
And for your sake, become aduenturous
To subdue all enemies, to me contrary
That I may after, be ryght Joyous
Wyth you my lady, most swete and precyous
Worth the cause of your departynge
Whych all my sorowes, is in renupnge

Alas what pleasure, and eke wythout disporte
Shall I now haue, Whan that ye be gone
Ha ha truly, now wythout good conforte
My dolorous herte, shall be left alone
Wythout your presence, to me is none
For every houre, I shall thinke a yere
Tyll fortune bynge me, vnto you more nere

yet after you I wyll not be ryght longe
But hast me after, as fast as I maye
In the toure of chualry, I shall make me stronge
Pleasure. M. j. And

And after that passe, shortly on my waye
With diligent labour, on my Journey
Spyte of your enemyes, I shal me so spede
That in short tyme, ye may rewarde my mede

I thinke you quod she, with my hert entere
But yet with me, ye shall make couenaunt
As I to you, am tyght lefe and dere
Unto no persone, ye shall so aduaunte
That I to loue you, am so attendaunte
For any thyng your counsell not betraye
For that full soone might vs bothe betraye

And to tell me, I pray you hertely
ponder is counseyle, how were ye acquainted
He is bothe honest, and true certainly
Doth he not knowe, how your hert is faynted
With feruent loue, so surely attaynted
yf ye so do, yet I nothing repent
He is so secrete, and true of entent

Cruely madaine, because ye are content
I shal you tell, how the matter was
Whan that your beaute, clerely splendent
Into my herte, full wonderly did passe
Lyke as fayre Phebus, dothe shyne in the glas
All alone, With in Warde care so rent
Into a temple forth on my way I went

Where that I Walked, plunged in the pytte
Of great dyspayre, and he than me mette
Alas he sayde, me thinke ye lose your wytte
Tell me the trouth now, Without any lets
Why ye demcane, suche mortall sorow great

I prayde quod I, you shall nothing it knowe
you can not helpe, in the case I trow:

But he suche reason, and fruytfull sentence
Dyd for him laye, that I tolde hym all
Whan he it knewe, wyth all my diligence
He dyd me conforte, than insperyall
Unto my minde, he bad me to call
Who spareth to speke, he to speede doth spare
Go tell your lady, the cause of your care

By Whose counseyle/grounded in wysdome
To the entent, I should speede the better
And ryght shortly, I dyd than to you come
But drede al way/made my sorowe greater
After great payne, the Joyes is the sweter
for Who that tasteth paynfull bytternes
The Joye to hym, is double sweteness

And ther wyth all, I did unto her bynge
Councell my frende, and full right meke
Dyd hym receiue/as he was comynge
And of all thynges, she did hym beseke
After he departinge, the same weke
To hast me forwarde, to my Jorneyes ende
Therto quod I, I do well condyscende

fare well quod she I may no lenger tary
My frendes wyll come, of that were I lothe
I shall retayne you in my memory
And they it knewe/they wolde with me be wrothe
To loue you best, I promise you my trouthe
And than mine eyes, great sorowe shewed
Wyth teres salte, my chekes were endewed

Pleasure,

M. it,

Her

Her eyes graye/began to loke right red
Her gaye whyte coloure, began for to pale
Upon her chekes, so the droppes were spred
Whiche from her eyes, began to aduale
Frome her swete herte/she dyd the syghes hale
Nauer before/as I troue and wene
Was suche departing/true louers betwene

We Wyped our chekes, ou: so: We to cloke
Out Wardly faynyng, vs to be glad and mery
That the people, should not perceyue the snoke
Of our hote fyre, to lyght the emyspery
Thoughe inwardly/wyth a stormy pery
The fyre was blowen, yet we dyd it couer
By cause abrode, it should nothyng perceyuer

Out of the garden/to an hauen syde
Forth he went, where as a shyppe ryght large
That tarped there, after the floynge tyde
And so than dyd there many a bote and barge
The shyp was great, f. ue. C. tonne to charge
A bell pucell, ryght anone me tolde
In yondre shyp, whyche that ye beholde

Forth must I sayle/ wythout longer delaye
It is full see, my frendes Wyll come soone
Therefore I pray you, to go hence your waye
It draweth fast/now towarde the none
Madame quod I, your pleasure shal be done
Wyth we full herte, and great syghes ofte
I kyssed her lippes, that were swete and soft

She vnto me, nor I vnto her colde speke

And

And as of that it Was no great wondre
 Our hertes swelled, as that they should b:cke
 The fyre of loue, was so sore kept vnder
 whan I from her / should depart asundre
 Wyth her fayre head / she dyd lowe enclyne
 And in lyke wyse, so dyd I wyth myne

Of the great sorow that graunde Amoure made af-
 ter the departynge / and of the wordes of counceyle. Ca-
 pitulo. *Decorative flourish*



Her frendes and she, on theyr waye they sayled
 Alonge the hauen / god them saue and bryng
 vnto the londe, I herd whan that they hayled
 Wyth a great peale of gunnes at theyr departynge
 The maruaylous toure, of famous cunnyng
 No gunne was shotte, but my herte dyd wepe
 for her departynge, wyth wooll teares depe

Pleasure.

M.iii.

Councell

Councell me comforted, as euer he myght
Wyth many storpes, of olde antyquyte
Remembre he saide, that neuer yet was wyght
That lyued alway, in great tranquylte
But that him happed some aduersyte
Than after that, whan the payne was paste
The double Joye, dyd comfort them at laste

ye nede nothyng, for to make great dolour
Fortune to you, hath bene ryght favourable
Makynge you, to attayne the good fauour
Of your lady, so swete and amiable
No doubt it is, she is true and stable
And demeane you so, that in no wyse
No man perceyue, of your loue surmyse

Be hardy / fyers / and also coragrous
In all your batayles, without feblenes
For ye shall be, ryght well victoruous
Of all your enemyes, so full of subtylnes
I me you wyth wysdome, for in ye surenes
Let wysdome Werk, for she can stedfastly
In tyme of nede, resyste the contrary

Was neuer man, yet surely at the bayte
Wyth sapyence, but that he dyd repent
Who that is ruled, by her highe estate
Of hys after Wytte, shall neuer be spent
She is to man ryght beniuolent
Wyth Walles sure, she doth hym fortifye
Whan it is nede, to resyste a contrary

Was neuer place, wher as she did gyde

Wyth encheues brought to destruccyon
A remedy, she can so well proude
To her hygh Werke, is no comparison
It hath so stronge, and sure foundacyon
Nothyng there is, that can it molyfe
So sure it is, agaynst a contrary

Of her alwayes, it is the perfyte guyse
To begynne nothing of mutabylte
As is the Warre, which may sone aryse
And wyl not downe, it may so stourdy be
The begynner oft, hath the iniquite
Whan he began, Wysdome did reply
In his grete nede, to resyst the contrary

The myghty Dyant, somtyme kynge of Troye
Wyth all his Cyte, so well fortifyed
Lytle regarded, all his welth or ioye
Wythout Wysdome, truely exemplified
His propre death, himsele he nuryfed
Agaynst his Warre, Wysdome did reply
At his grete nede, to resyst the contrary

And where that wysdome ruleth hardynes
Hardynes than is/ever inuincible
There may nothynge it vanquyshe or oppres
for prudence is/so well intellygyble
To her there is/nothing impossible
Her grounded werke/is made so perfyte
That it must nedes resyst the contrary

To wofull creatures/she is goodly leche
Wyth her good syster called pacyence

To the toure of Hope, she doth them tell weche
In the Way of hope without resistance
Who to her lyst, to applye hys diligence
She wyll hym brynge to worshyppe shortly
That he shall well resist the contrary

Wyght so let wysdome, your sorowe surrende
And hve you fast vnto dame geometry
And let no thought, in your herte engendre
But after thys, speke to Astronomie
And so frome thence, to the toure of chualtry
Wherof the Worthy kynge Idelyrus
you shall be made/soone knyght aduenturous

And fare you well, for I must frome you go
To other louers, whiche are in dyspayre
As I dyd you, to confort them also
It is great nede, that I to them repayre
Habundant teres, theyr hertes do reflyre
Farewell quod I/my good frende so true
I wolde wyth me ye might alwaye ensue

Then agayne/ I went to the toure melodious
Of good dame musike/my leue for to take
And pryuely wyth these wordes dolorous
I sayd o toure/thou maist well allake
Such melody now/in the moze to make
The gemme is gone/of all famous poete
That was the cause, of the great conforste

Whylome thou wast/ he sayre toure of lyght
But now thou arte replete with darkenes
She is now gone/that shone in the so bryght

Thou

Thou was some time the toure of gladnes
Now mayst thou be the toure of heuynes
For the chefe is gone of all thy melody
Whose beauty clere made moost swete armonye

The fayre carbuncle so ful of clerenes
That in thee truely dyd moost purely shyne
The perle of pyte replete with swetenes
The gentyll gyllofer the goodly columbyne
The redolente plant of the dulcet byne
The dede aromatyke may no more ensence
For she is so ferre out of thy presence

A, A truly in the tyme so past
Wyne erande was the often for to se
Now for to entre I may be agast
Whan thou art hens the sterre of beaute
For all my delyte was to beholde the
A toure, toure all my Joye is gone
In the to entre comforte is there none

So then inwardly my selfe bewaylynge
In the toure I went in to the habytacle
Of dame musyke where she was syngyng
The ballades swete in her fayre tabernacle
Alas thought I this is no spectacle
To fede myn eyne whiche ar now all blynde
She is not here that I was wonte to fynde

Chan of dame musyke with all loholines
I dyde take my leue withouten itareng
She thanked me with all here mekenes
And all alone fourth I went musyng

pleasure.

A. i.

21

A, A quod I my loue and lykynge
Is now sette hence on whome my hole delyghe
Dayly was sette vpon her to haue sight

Fare well swete herte farwell, fare well, farewell
Adieu, adieu I wold I were your by
God gyue me grace with you sone to dwell
Lyke ass I did for to se you dayly
your lowly chere and gentyll company
Reioysed my herte with sode most delycate
Whene cpen to se you were insatiate

Now good swete herte my lady and maystreffe
I recomende me vnto your pryde
Besceching you wyth all my gentylnes
yet other whyle to thynke vpon me
What payne I suffer by great extremyte
And to pardon me of my rude wytyng
For With woful herte was myne endyng



So forth I went vpon a craggy roche
 Unto the toure moost wonderfully wroughte
 Of geometry, and as I did approche
 The altitude all in my mynd I sought
 Sixe hundred fote as by my number I thought
 Quadrant it was and did heue and sette
 At euery storme whan the wind was great

Thus at the last I came into an hall
 Hanged with arces riche and precious
 And euery window glased with cristall
 Lyke a place of pleasure much solacious
 Wyth knottes sixeangled gay and glorious
 The rose did hange right high and pleasuntly
 By geometry made right well and craftely

In this marueylous hall replete with richesse
 At the hye ende she sat full wortely
 I came anone vnto her great noblesse
 And kneled adowne before her mekely
 Madam I sayd ye werke full vally
 I beseeche you with all my diligence
 To instructe me in your wonderfull science

My science she sayd it is moost profitable
 Vnto astronomy for I do it mesure
 In euery thing as it is probable
 For I my selfe can ryght well discurre
 Of euery sterre which is sene in hie
 The maruaylous greetnes by my mesuring
 For god made all at the begynnyng

By good mesuring both the heyghe and depnes

Of euery thing as I vnderstand
The length and brede with al the greatnes
Of the firmament so compassing the land
And who my cunning list to take in hand
In his empyere of hye or low degre
Nothng there is but it may measure be

Though that it be from vs hye and farre
If ony thing fall we may it truely se
As the sonne or moone or ony other sterre
We may therof know well the quantite
Who of this science dooth know the certaynte
All maysteries might measure perfectly
For geometry doth shew it openly

Where that is mesure, there is no lacking
Where that is mesure, hole is the body
Where that is mesure, good is the liuing
Where that is mesure, wisdom is truely
Where that is mesure, werke is directly
Where that is mesure, natures working
Nature increaseth, by right good knowledging

Where lacketh mesure, there is no plente
Where lacketh mesure, seke is the courage
Where lacketh mesure, ther is iniquite
Where lacketh mesure, there is great outrage
Where lacketh mesure, is none aduantage
Where lacketh mesure, there is great glotony
Where lacketh mesure, is moost vnhappy

For there is no hye nor great estate
Without mesure can kepe his dignite

It doth preserve him both early and late
Keeping him from the pytte of pouerte
Mesure is moderate to all bounte
Gretely nedeful for to take the charge
Man for to rule that he go not at large

Who loueth mesure can not do amys
So perfectly is the high operacion
Among all thynges so wonderfull it is
That it is full of all delectacion
And to vertue hath inclynacion
Mesure also doth well example
The hasty do me to swage and modefy

Without mesure, wo worth the Jgement
Without mesure, wo worth the temperaunce
Without mesure wo worth the punishment
Without mesure, wo worth the purueyaunce
Without mesure, wo worth the sustenaunce
Without mesure wo worth the sadnes
And without mesure, wo worth the gladnes

Mesure, mesuring, mesurably taketh
Mesure, mesuring, mesuratly deoth all
Mesure, mesuring, mesuraltymaketh
Mesure, mesuring, mesuratly gupde shall
Mesure mesuring, mesuratly doth call
Mesure mesuryng, to right hye preemyence
For alway, mesure is grounde of excellence

Mesure mesureth mesure, in effecte
Mesure mesureth, every quantyte
Mesure, mesureth, all waye the aspecte

Pleasure

P.iii,

Mesure

Mesure, mesureth, all in certayne
Mesure, mesureth, in the stabilitie
Mesure, mesureth, in every doubtful case
And mesure is the lodesterre of all grace

Aspecte of mesure is long continuance
Quantite Without mesure is nought
Aspect of mesure, deuoydeth repentance
Certayne wold weye all thinges thought
Stabilitie vpon a perfite grounde is wrought
Case doubtfull may yet a while abyde
Grace may in space a remedy proude

Countenaunce causeth the promocioun
Nought auayleth seruice without attendaunce
Repentance is after all abusyon
Thought afoze wolde haue had perseuerance
Wrought how should be by dede the mischaunce
Abyde nothing till thou do the dede
Proude in mynde how thou mayst haue mede

Promocioun groweth after good gouernaunce
Attendaunce doth attayne good fauour
Abusyon is causer of all variaunce
Perceyuerance causeth great honour
Mischaunce a way is roote of dolour
Dede done, can not be called agayne
Mede well rewarded both with ioye and payne

Than I toke my leue and went from geometry
Toward astronomy as fast as I myght
For all my mynde was set right inwardly
Upon my lady that was fayre and byghe

My herte With her was both day and night
 She had it locked with a locke so sure
 It was her owne she had therof the cure.



Then forth I wente into a medow grene
 With flora paynted in many a sundry colour
 Like a gay goddess of all floures the queene
 She encenced out her aromayke odour
 The brythe of zepherus encreased the floure
 Amiddes the medow fayre replendishant
 Was a pavilion right hye and quadraunt

Of grene sarcenet bordered with golde
 Where in dede hange a fayre astrology
 Which oft astronomy did full well behelde
 Unto whome than I came full shortly
 And kneled a downe before her mekely
 Besechyng her of her great gentylnes

Of her science to shew the profitenes

My science sayd she it is ryght resonable
And is the last of the sciences seven
Unto man it is also right profitable
Shewing the course aboue of the heauen
Right merueylous for any man to newen
Who knew astronomy at euery maner reason
Might set in order cuery thing by reason

Also the other. vi. sciences liberall
By astronomy principally were found
And one were lost they were banished all
Eche vpon other had so sure a ground
In all the world that is so wide and round
Is none so wise that can then multiply
Nor know them all right well and surely

The hye astronomier that is god omnipotent
That the first day deuided all the lyght
Frome the derkenes with his wyll prepotent
And the second day with his excellent might
The waters aboue he did deuide arpyht
From the erthely waters which are inferiall
The third day herbes and fruytes in speciall

In erthe he planted for to haue their life
By diuers vertues and sundy growing
So to continue and be vegetatiue
And the third day he sette in working
The bodies aboue to haue their mouing
In the. xii. signes them selfe to domify
Some rethrogarde, and some dyrectly

The

for to trauaile to the toure of chpualry
for al my minde, wyth pertyng influence
was sette vpon the most fayre lady
labell pucell so muche ententfly
that euery daye I dyd thinke fyftene
till I agayne had her swete person sene

TO you experte in the seuen science
Now al my maysters I do me excuse
If I offended by my great necligence
this lytel werke yet do ye not refuse
I am but yonge it is to me obtuse
Of these maters to presume to endyte
But for my lernyng that I lyst to wyte

Under obedyence and the true correctyon
Of you my maysters experte in connyng
I me submytte now wyth hole affeccyon
Unto your persyte vnderstandyng
As euer more mekely to you inclynnyng
With diligent labour now without doutaunce
To detraye or adde all at your plesaunce

How graffide amoure came to the toure of chpualry.
Ca. xxvi.

WHan clene auroꝛa with her golden beames
Can to enlumpne the derke cloudy ayre
And combust wyane her gret fyre lemes
Amydde of the bull began to reflare
Than on my Jorney my selfe to repaire
Wyth my verlet called attendaunce
For the on I rode by longe contynuaunce
Pleasure D.i. with



Wyth my graphoundes both grace a gouernaunce
 Ouer an hyll and so do wone in a valley
 Amonge the thornes of great encumbraunce
 The goodli greyhoundes caught me on my way
 So fourth I passed my troublous Journey
 Tyll that I came into a ryall playne
 With floz a paynted in many a sundry wayne

Wyth purple colour the floures enherwed
 In dyuers knottes wyth many one ful blue
 The generyll gelofer his odoure renued
 Wyth sundry herbes replete wyth vertue
 Amonge these floures as I dyd ensue
 Kallynge my syght sodaynly so fetre
 Ouer a toure I sawe a flambynge sterre

Towarde this toure as I rode nere and nere
 I behelde the rocke of merueylous altytude
 On whych it stode that quadzante did appere

Made

Made all of stele wonderous fortitude
Gargeide woth beestes in sundry symple tude
And many curretes aboue the toures hye
With pimages was set full marueylously

Towarde thys toure forth on my way I wente
Till that I came to a myghty forresse
Where I saw hange a merueylous instrumente
Woth a shelde and helmet before the entres
I knewe nothyng therof the perfytnes
But at auenture the instrument I toke
And blew so loude that all the toure I shoke

Whan the porter herde the hedpous sounde
Of my ryght lusty and stormy blast
That made the walles therof to redounde
Full lyke a knyght that was nothyng agast
Towarde the gate gauc hym selfe to hast
And opened it and asked my name
And fro whence I came to certify the same

My name quod his graunde amoure
Of late I came fro the toure of doctryne
Where I attayned all the hygh honoure
Of the seven scyences me to enlumyne
And from thence I dyd determyne
Forth to trauaile to thys toure of chualry
Where I haue blownen thys blast so sodenly

Whan he herd thys ryght gently he sayd
Unto thys toure ye must resorte by ryght
For to renue that hath be longe decayd

Pleasure.

P. II.

The

The flour of chydalry with your hole delyght
Come on your way it draweth toward nyghte
And therewith all he ledde me to his Warde
Me to repose in pleasaune due saufgard

After the trauayle my selfe for to ease
I did there reste in all geonly wyse
And slept right well without any discafe
Till on the more in the sonne did aryse
Than by I rose as was my perfyte gysse
And made me redy into the courte to go
With my berlet and my greyhoundes also

The gentyl porter named stedfastnes
Into the basse courte on my way he brought
Where stode a toure of meruaylous highnes
That al of iasper ful wonderly wrought
As any man can pryncle in his thought
And foure ymages about the toure there were
On horsebacke armed and every one a spere

These ymages were made ful curiously
Wyth theyr horses of the stele so fyne
And eche of them in theyr places sundry
About were sette that clerely dyd shyne
Lyke Dyane clere in her spere celestyne
And vnder eche horse there was ful pryuey
A great Whele made by craftly geometry

Wyth many cogges vnto whiche were tyed
Druers cordes that in the horses holow
To euery Joynte full wonderly applyed
Whan the Wheles wente the horses dyd folow

To trotte and galop both euen and mo: the
Brekynge they: speres and coude them dyscharge
Partynge asonder for to turney at large

Ca. xxvii.

Beside this toure of olde foundation
There was a temple strongly edified
To the high honoure and reputacion
Of the mighty Mars it was so fortified
And for to know what it signified
I entred in and sawe of golde so pure
Of worthy Mars the meruaylous picture

There was depaynted all about the Wall
The grete destruction of the cite of troie
And the noble actes do reygne memorvall
Of the worthy Hector that was all they: ioye
His dolorous death was herde to occoye
And so whan Hector was cast all downe
The hardy Troilus was moost hyghe of renowne

And as I cast my syght so asyde
Beholdynge Mars how wonderly he stode
On a whele top with a lady of pryde
Haunced aboute I thought nothing but good
But that she had two faces in one hode
Yet I knieted adowne and made mine oryson
To daughtyr mars, wyth grete deuocyon

Sayenge, O mars, O god of the warre
The gentyll lodesterre of an hardy herte
Dystyll adowne thy grace from so farre
To cause all fere from me to avert
That in the felde I may ryght well subverte

The

The hedvug monsters, and winne the victory
Of the sturp giants with famous chvualty

O pynce of honour, and of worthy fame
O noble knightes of olde antiquite
O redouted courage, the cause of theyr name
Whose worthy actes, fame caused to be
In bokes wyrtten, as ye maye well se
So gyue me grace, ryght well to recure
The power of fame, that shal long endure

I thought me past al chyldly ygnorance
The .xxxi. yere of my yonge flouyng aye
I thought that venus might nothing auauce
Her strenght against me with her lusty courage
My wyrtte I thought had suche auountage
That it shold rule both Venus and Cuppe
But alas for wo, for all my sodayne pryde.

Whā that phebus entred was in gemine
Toward the crab takyng ascencion
At the tyme of the great solempnite
From hepen aboue, of goddes descencion
In a grece temple with hole entencion
As I went walkyng my selfe to and fro
Full sodaynly Venus wrought me such wo

For as I cast than my syght all alofte
I sawe Venus in beaute so clere
Which caused cupide wyth his darte so softe
To wounde my herte, wyth feruent loue so dere
Her lounge countenaunce so hyghe dyd appere
That it me rauyshed wyth a sodayne thought



Alas for wo it bayled me ryght in nyght

To gyue audyence vnto the melody

Of waytes and organs that were at the fest

Loue had me wounded so sore inwardly

What was to do I knewe not the best

Replete wpth sorrowe and deuoyde of rest

Wherthen the tyme that she my herte soo wounded

By Joy and pryde she hath full lowe confounded

And so now for to attayne her grace

As thou doost knowe become aduenturous

Besechinge the in thys peryllous case

O What me soccoure in tyme tempestuous

That

That I may passe the passage daungerous
And to thy laude honoure and glorie
I shal a temple ryght strongly edefy

Well than sayd Mars, I shall the fortespe
In all thy warre as fast as I can
But for thy payne I knowe no remedy
For Venus repned whan that thou began
Fyrst for to loue, making the pale and Wanne
And of the trouthe to make relacyon
Thou was borne vnder her consolacion

Wherfore thou must of veray perfyte ryght
Unto her sue by the dysposicion
Whych the constreyneth wyth hole deilyght
For to loue ladies by true affeccion
Suche is her course and operation
Wherfore whan thou hast lerned perfyte
The for to gouerne by prudent chyualry

Than to fulfyll the ryght hie enterpryse
For the on thy waye thou shalt thy Jorney take
Unto a temple in all humble wyse
Before dame Venus thine oblacion to make
Whiche all thy payne may sone redresse and slake
For at that tyme she holdeth a parlemente
To redresse louers of theyr impediment

I ha quod fortune With the faces twayne
Behynde sy Mars, I haue a grete meruayle
That thou dost promyse him that he shal attayne
Unto his purpose with al diligent trauayle
Through thyne ayde strength and counsayl

Whychens dependeth in myn ordinaunce
hym to promote or byrnye to myschauunce

My power estate and ryall bygnyte
Doth toke the whele of worthely glozpe
Often up so downe by mutabilite
Haue not I promoted full nobly
Many a lowe degre to reigne full ryally
And often haue made a transmutacion
Of worldly welthe in to tribulacion

Thus can I make an alteracion
Of worthely honoure whiche doth depends
All onely in my dominacion
Throughe the world as my whele doth extends
As reason doth ryght well compzehende
Of my great chaunces whiche are vnshure
As dayly doth appere well in vze

If I should worke with perficte steadfastnes
As to exalte some to be honourable
And that they knewe by perfyte spkeres
That it should dure and not be variable
It were a thyng vnto me culpable
For great orgueil pryde should them so blinde
To knowe th in selfe they should lose theyt mynde

Thus w han that they should them selfe forgete
And in no wyse their owne persone knowe
Full ytell than they would by me sette
That they exalted to hye degre from lowe
And by my chaunce could nought them ouerthrowe
Thus should they do and dye be me nothyng
Wherfore my whele is euermore tournyng
Pleasure.

And where that I shoulde turne my face
Casting some in pytte of pouerte
They were condampned without any grace
As for to attayne any prosperite
Whiche were a cause of greate iniquite
For riche mennes goodes I must ofte translate
Unto the poore them for to eleuate

And thyrde I shoulde lese my name
For this worde fortune is well derispede
Of an accydent chynge both good or shame
Whan that the deade is so exemplifed
Wherfore by reason I must be duplisped
And nothing stable in myne hys werke
As wyrteth many a ryght noble clerke

Therfore by reason I must be mutable
And turne my whele right ofte vp so downe
Labouringe in werkes whiche are vnstable
On some to langhe and on some I must frowne
Thus all aboute in euery realme and towne
I shew my power in euery sundry wyse
Some to descende and on some to aryse

Wherfore my power doth ryght well extell
Aboue the Mars in thine house enclosed
For to rule man thou hast power neuer a dele
Sawe after the somewhat he is disposed
Thy consolacion hath him so apposed
Who vnder the taketh the natiuitie
yet god hath gyuen him power to rule the
Wherfore I am of a ferre hyer power

Chan

Than thou arte for there is no defence
Agaynst my wyll at any tyme or houre
And in my name there is a difference
for in these wordes in my magnificence
predestinate and also desteny
As I shall shew anone more formaably

Predestinate doth right well signify
A thing to come whiche is prepared
None but God doth know it openly
Tyl that the dede caused to be declared
for many one whan they well fared
full lytell thought that tribulacion
To them was ordeyned by predestinacion

The desteny is a thyng accydent
And by the Werke doth take the effecte
Till it be done it is ay precedent
And man from it can him selfe abiect
Thus euery chaunce doth fortune directe
wherfore by reason la graunde amoure
Must sue vnto me to do him socour

A ha quod Mars suche a one as thou
I neuer knewe before this ceason
for thou thy selfe doost so much enprou
Aboue the hauens by exaltacion
But what for all thy com mendacion
Art thou now any thing substanciall
Spiritual or els yet terrestiall

How can a werke perfytely be grounded
But in this ryo and thou arte of those
Pleasure.

Quil

Wherfore

Wherfore I of nought thou mayst be confounded
For nought in substance can nothing transpore
Of none effecte thou canst thy selfe disclose
Howe hast thou power in any maner of case
In heuen or earch without a dwelling place

But that poetes hath made a fygure
Of the for the great sygnification
The chaunge of man so for to discure
Accordyng to a moralization
And of the trowth to make relation
The man is fortune in the propre dede
And not thou that causeth hym to spede

What nedeth him vnto his selfe to sue
Synthen thou art the dedes of his chaunce
Thou to rule man it is a thyng not true
Now where vpon doth hange ordinaunce
But accedent vpon the gouernaunce
Of the hys bodis whiche doth man dispose
The dede to do as hym lyst purpose

Uhere of Mars the marueylous argument
And of fortune I was sore amased
Tyll that I sawe a lady excellent
Fierely armed vpon tohome I gased
And her armes ful prettely I blased
The shelde of golde as I well vnderstande
With a lyon of a sure throughe passande

To me she came with lokely countenaunce
And bad me welcome vnto that mansion
Accordyng me forth with Joy and plesaunce

Into

Into an hall of meruaylous faction
Right strongly fortifyde of olde foundation
The pillars of puerp garnished with golde
With perles sette and broude many a folde

The floze was paved with stones precious
And the rose was braunched curiously
Of the beten golde both gaye and glorious
Knotted with pomanders right sweetly
Encencing out the yll odours misty
And on the walles right well did appere
The sege of Thebes depaynted fayre and clere

There were knightes playeng at the chesse
Which saw Minerue led me in the hall
They leste their play and all theyr besines
And welcomed me right gently with hall
With sir Purther than moost in speciall
Accompanied of his brother curtesy
They made me chere than full effectually

And after that they brought me by a staire
Into a chambze gayly glorified
And at the dore there stode a knight right fayre
ye cleped trouth right clerely purified
His countenaunce was right well modified
To me he sayde that befo e mine entres
Him for to loue I should him promes

Of right he sayde I haue in custody
This chambze dore of king Heleus
That no man enter into it wrongfully
Without me trouthe for to be chynalrous

Here knightes be made to be victorions
I shall you promise quoth I aythfully
you for to loue and serue prudently

Abode quod he I will speke with the kynge
Tell me your name and habitation
And the chere cause nom of your coming
That I to him may make relacion
To know his mynde without variation
La graundamoure his name is sayd I
The cause of my coming intent sayd

Is for bcause that I haue enterprised
Now for the sake of fayre la bellis pucell
To passe the passage that I her promised
That is so daungerous with serpentes cruel
And for as much as I know neuer adell
The feates of armes for to attayne honour
I am come to lerne with diligent labour

Than forth he went vnto the mageste
Of king Melizius the mighty conquerour
Sayeng O power so hre in by ginte
O prynce victorions and famous Emperour
Of Iustynge truly the original floure
One graunde amoure wolde be scryptable
In your hre courte for to be tendable

With all my herte I will quod he accepte
Hym to my serurce for he is right worthy
For vnto doctryne the hre way he kept
And so from thens to the towre of chualty
He shall attayne great actes wonderly

Go on your way and bring him fast to me
for I thinke longe him to beholde and se

And than the good knight trowth incontinent
Into the chambre to pure/soone me lede
Where sate the king so much beneuolent
In purple clothed set full of rubyes rede
And all the floze on which we did treade
Was crystall clere and the rose at night
With carbuncles did geue a merueylous lyght

The walles were hanged with cloth of tyssue
Broudred with perles and rubies rubicond
Withe with emeraudes so full of vertue
And broudred aboue with many a diamonde
In heuy herte it wold make iocunde
for to behold the merueylous riches
The lordship welth, and the great worthines

There sate Melezius in his hye estate
And ouer his head was a payre of balauce
With his crowne and septer after the true rate
Of an other Worldekyng for to haue gouernance
In his hand a ball of right great cyeunstauce
Before Whome than I did knele adowne
Sayeng O Emperour moost hye of renoune

I the beseeche of thine haboundaunt grace
Me to accepte in this courtte the for to serue
So to contynue by longe tyme and space
Of chivalry that I may now deserue
The order right and well it to obserue
for to attayne the high aduantage

Of the enterpryse of my doughty byage

Welcome he sayd to this court ryal
Mynerue shall arme you with grete dyligence
And teche you the feates of armes all
For he them knoweth by good experience
In the olde tyme it was her science
And I my selfe shall gyue you a worthy fiede
Called galantys to helpe you in your neede

I humbly thanked his grete hyenes
And so to Mynerue I dyd than applye
Whiche dyd me teche with lyket perfytnes
For to haunt armes ryght well and nobly
Sappence me ruled well and prudently
Thus amonge knyghtes for to Iust and tourney
Mynerue me taught in sundry wyse all day

It was a Joyfull and a knyghtly syght
For to beholde so fayre and good a sorte
Of goodly knyghtes armed clere and bryght
That I sawe there whiche dyd me well exorte
Armes to haunte with coragvous comforte
Mynerue me taught my strokes and defence
That in short space Was no resistance

Agaynst my powre and myghty puyssaunce
To my wylfull herte Was nought impossible
I bare my selfe so Without doubtaunce
My herte made my courage invincible
Of whiche the trouthe was soone intellygible
With my behauynge before the preemynence
Of kynge Helesus famous excellence

Which

Which right anon for dame Minerve sent
And me also with fir trouth to obey
We thought full lrell what the mater ment
But vnto him we toke anone the way
Enteing the chambze so fayre clere and gay
The king vs called vnto his person
Sayeng I Wyll Graundamoure anone

Truly make knight for the time approcheth
That he must haunt and seke aduventure
For Labelle pucell as true loue requirerh
And first of all began to me discure
The highe order how I shoulde take in cure
And than anone he gan to expresse
What knighthode was to perfite sekernesse

Knighthode he sayd was first established
The comen welth in right to defende
That by the wrong it be not mini shed
So cuery knight did truely condiscende
For the comyn wilth his power to entende
Ageynst all suche rebelles contrarious
Them to subdue With power victorious

For knighthode is not in the feates of warre
As for to fight in quarell right or wronge
But in a cause which trouth can not defarre
He ought him selfe for to make sure and stronge
Iustice to kepe myt with mercy amonge
And no quarell a knight ought to take
But for a trouth or for the comyn sake

For fyrst good hope his legge harneys sholde be

his

His habz: gion of pertyte rightwysenes
Byde fast with the gyde of chastite
His riche placarde shoulde be good besines
Braudered with almes so full of larges
The helmet mekenes and the sheld good sayth
His swerde goddes worde as saynt Poule sayth

Also true wyddowes he ought to restore
Unto their right for to attayne thei: dower
And to vpholde and mainteyne euermore
The welth of mappers with his myghty power
And to his souerayne at euery manerho wer
To be redy true and eke obeysaunt
In stable loue fixt, and not variaunt

Thus after this noble and solempne doctryne
He made me knight and gaue me in charge
Unto these poyntes right low to enclyne
And to stere well the frayle tomblyng barge
Quer bayne glory whan I sayle at large
Whan the Winde is right the barge can not sayle
Unto his purpose so with hardines to sayle

I dyd well register in my remembraunce
Euery thing which he hath to me tolde
And right anone in good resembelaunce
The kyng I thanked with courage right bolde
Of his great grace and giftes many a folde
Which vnto me right openly he shewed
With golden dropes so lyberally indewed

I toke my leue of his right hye estate
And than Minerue into the hall me brought

Accom:

Accompanied of trouth my fayrfull mate
Us for to solace ther laced right nought
That ony man can prync in his thought
The knightes all vnto their armes went
To byrnyng me forward with a true entent

And mynerue armed me as she coude deuise
And brought vnto me my fayre barbed steede
On whome I mounted in all goodly guyse
With shelde and spere as nothing to drede
In right to syght for to attayne my mede
So with me wente both my greyhoundes thapne
And good attendaunce my verlet certayne

The good knight trouth brought me on the way
Accompanied then of syr fidelitie
Wyth haute courage betrapped fayre and gape
Wyth shynning trappers of curiositie
And then also there rode forth wyth me
The sturdy knight well named fortitude
With the noble veterane syr consuetude

And eke syr Justice and syr mysericorde
Syr sapience with good sir curtesy
Wyth famous nurture and than syr conorde
Accompanied me full right gentylly
Oute of the Castell ryding ryally
And dame mynerue the cheualryous goddess
Dyd me endue then with harty hardynes

And whan we came into a goodly playne
Right of them all I toke my lycence
We thought it tyme that they tourne agayne

¶ And

Unto the king With all their diligence
I made mine othe with percing influence
Unto them all for to remaine full true
In stedfast loue all treason to eschue

Full loth they were fro me to departe
Every one of them as ye may vnderstande
With salt teres full wofull was my here
Whan all on rowe they toke me by the hande
Adew they sayd and grace with you stand
you for to ayde Whan that you do fight
And so they turned vnto the castell ryght

And good dame Mynerue vnto me then sayd
Be not adredde of your hys enterpryse
Be bolde and hardy and nothing afayde
And rather depe in any maner of wyse
To attayne honour and the lyfe dyspyse
Than for to lye and remaine in shame
For to dye with honour it is a good name

Fare well she sayd and be of good chere
I must departe I may no lenger tary
Ryde on your way the weeder is full clere
Ske your aduventure, and loke you not bary
Frome your hys order by any contrary
And therewithall forth on her way she rode
Ryght so did I which no longer abode

With both my greyhoundes and my barlet
Through the playne and into wyldernes
And so alofte amonge the hylles greate
Tyll it was nyght so thicke of darkenes

That

That of constraynt of very verynes
We lyght adowne vnder an hyll syde
Unto the day so rest vs there that cyde

And whan my page my helmet vnlaed
He layde it downe vnderneath my bede
And to his legge he my stede embraced
To graze about while on the graze he fed
And than also his horse in lyke stede
With both our greyhoundes lyeng vs nere by
And slouche our hedes had caught so sodaynly

That all the nyght we slepte in good reste
Tyll agaynst day began to nese and cry
My stede galantyle with a royrng byste
And eke began to stampe full marueylous
Whose hys courage awaked vs wonderly
And ryght anone we kast vp our eyrs
Beholdyng aboue the fayre crytall skyes

Seynge the cloudes rayed fayre and rede
Of Phebus rylyng in the orient
And auroza her golden beames sprede
About the ayre clerely refulgent
Withoute n ysty blacke encombement
Up I arose and also my page
Makyng vs redy for to take our vpage.

Cap. xxix.

Ad so forth we rode tyll we sawe a ferre
To vs came rydyng on a lytell nagge
A folyshe dx arte nothyng for the warre
With a hood, a bell, a foxiape and a bagge
In a pped cote he rode byrgge a bragge

And

And when that he vnto vs betwene
I behelde his body and his visage

His head was grete beteled was his browes
Hys eyen holow, and his nose croked
His byes bystled truely lyke a sowes
His chekes here and God wote he looked
Full lyke an ape here and there he tored
With a pyed berde, and hanging lippes grete
And euery tothe as blacke as ony geite

His necke shorte his sholders stode awoy
His brest fatte and balne in the wast
His armes great with fyngers crokedly
His legges belwed he rode to me fast
Full lyke a patron to be shaped in hant
Good euen he sayd and haue good day
I that ic lyke you for to cryde m: rylp

Welcome I sayde I praye the now tell
Me what thou arte and where thou dost dwell
Sothe yche quod he when I cham in kent
At home I cham though I be hether sence
I cham a gencylman of much noble kynne
Though Iche be clad in a knaues skynne
For there was one called p:ter prace fast

That in all hys lyfe spake no worde in waste
He wedde a wyfe that was called maude
I trowe quod I she was a gorgeous baude
Thou yest quod he she was gencyl and good
She gaue her husbande many a furde hode
And at his melys without any mys

She wolde him serue in cleynly wyse yf
God loue her sorde as she loued clennes
And kepe her dysshes from al foulnes
Whan she lacketh cloutes without any fayle
She wyped her dysshes wyth her dogges tayle
And they had yllue lym sadle gander
That for a wyfe in all the worlde did wander
Tyll at the last in the Wynters nyght
By Temnes he sayled and arpued by ryght
Amonge the nunnys of the grene cote
He wente to lande out of his preyte bote
And Wedde there one that was comen ane we
He thought her stable and faythfull and trewe
Her name was betres that so cleynly was
That no fylthe by her in any wyse shoulde passe
For in her lyfe that any man coude spyse
She let no ferte nor yet fylthe truelye
And betwene them bothe they did get a sonne
Whiche was my father that in Kente did wonne
His name was daup dronken nole
He neuer dranke but in a fayre blacke boule
He toke a wyfe that was very fayre
And gate me on her for to be his ayre
Her name was Alyson she loued nought elles
But euer more to ryng her blacke belles
Now are they deade all so mote I well thynke
Excepte my selfe Godfray gobelme
Which rode about a wyfe me to seke
But I can finde none that is good and meke
For all are shrewes in the world aboute
I coude neuer mete with none other route
For some deuilles wyll their husbandes bete
And tho that can not they wyll neuer let

Their

Their tonges cease but gyue the wordes for one
For on them all I wyll of them haue none
Who loueth any for to make hym sadde
I wene that he become worse than madde
They are not stedfast nothing in their mynde
But alway corynyng lyke a blaste of wynde
For let a man loue them neuer so wele
They will hym loue agayne neuer a dele
For though a man all his lyfe cerrye
Unto her sue to haue release of payne
And at the last she on hym do rewe
If by fortune there come an other newe
The first shall be clene out of her fauoure
Recorde of Cresend and of C. oylus the doloure
They are so subyll and so false of kynde
There can no man wade beyonde their mynde
Was not Aristotle for all his clergy
For a woman capt in loue so marueylously
That all his connyng he had sone forgotten
This unhap loue had his mynde so broken
That euermore the salte teares do wne hapled
Whan the chaunce of loue he hymselfe bewapled
Afterde he was of the true loue to breke
For sayng nay whan he therof should speke
Tyll of cor. strayne or wofull heuyness
For to haue remedie of his sore sekeness
Whan he her spyed yfghte secrete alone
Unto her he wente and made all his mone
As he sayd the cause of my wo
Myne onely sadde and mayntenes also
Whose goodly beaute hath my harte entached
With fetuent loue and f. y. lemes entached
Wherfore take pite of the paynfull sozowe

Of me your seruante, both euen and moze we
She stode ryght still, and hearde what he sayde
Alas quod she, be ye no moze dismayed
For I am content, to fulfill your wyll
In euery maner, be it good or ill
Of this condicion, that ye shall release
The first of my wo, and great distresse
For I my selfe, haue thought many a daye
To you to speake, but for feare of a nay
I durst neuer, of the matter meue
Unto your person, lest it should you greue
Nay nay quod he, with all my whole entente
I shall obeie, to your commaundement
Well then quod she, I shall you now tell
Howe the case standeth, truly euery dele
For you knowe well, that some women do long
After nyce thynges, be it ryght or wrong
Ryght so must I, vpon your backe nowe ryde
In your mouthe also, a bydle you to gyde
And so a bydle, she put in his mouthe
Vpon his backe she rode, both north and south
about a chamber, as some clarkes wene
Of many persones, it was openly sene
Lo what is loue, that can so soze blynde
A Philosopher, to byng hym out of kynde
For loue doth passe, any maner of thyng
It is harde, and pryncypall in workyng
So on the grounde, Aristotle crept
And in his teeth, she long the bydle kept
Till she therof, had inough her fill
And yet for this, he neuer had his wyll
She dyd nothing, but for to moeke and scorne
B.f. This

This true louer whiche was for loue forlorne
But when he knewe the payne of the case
The fyer angre byde hys herte embrace
That he him selfe dyd anone well knowe
His angre byd his loue so ouerthowe
And ryght anone as some poets wyte
He the great mockage dyd her well acquyte.
Dyd not a woman the famousse Uyggle
By her greates fraude full craftely begyle
For on a day for hys owne dyspoyte
To the court of Rome he gan to resorte
Amonge the ladies the tyme for to passe
Tyl at the last lyke Phebus in the glasse
So dyd a lady wth her beaute clere
Shyne throughe his hert wth suche loue so dere
Than of great force he must nedes obey
She of his mynde bare bothe the locke and the key
So was his harte set vpon a fyre
Wth eternel loue to attayne hys desyre
She had him caught in suche a wyly snare
Grear was his payne and muche more his care
To fynde a tyme when it should be mended
To her of loue and he nothynge repented
Thus euery day by ymagynacion
In his mynde was suche perturbacion
And at the last he had founde a tyme
Hym thought to speke and vnto hym no cryme
Merry lady nowe in all humble wyse
To her he sayd for pseye me dyspseyse
So hath your beaute my true harte arped
It is no meruayle thoughe I be afrayde
To you to speake it that you deny
My purpose cruelly, I am made bettely

So do I loue nou wpyth all my heart entere
 wpyth inwardecare I by your beauty dere
 I must abyde wpyth all my hole entente
 Of lyfe or death your onely Iudgement
 wpyth fapned eares of perfyte audyence
 She did him here gpyunge this sentence
 wpyth she sayd I wolde fayne you ease
 Of your trouble and of your great disease
 But I wote nat howe chat it should be
 without tournynge vs to great dyshonestie
 If it be kno wen than bothe you and I
 Shall be rehetted at full shamefully
 But what for that I haue me bechoughe
 I pray craft by me shalbe wroughte
 ye knowe my chambze fornyeth to a wall
 beyng righe hyghe and a wyndowe wpythall
 Soone at nyght when all folke be at rest
 I shall take a basket as methynketh best
 And therto I shall a longe corde well tye
 And from the wyndowe let it downe pryuely
 Right so whan it is downe on the grounde
 ye may well entre in it bothe hole and sound
 And my two maydens, the whiche secreete be
 shall anone helpe, to hale you by with me
 Lo in this wyse, you may haue ryght well
 your owne desyre, in short space every deel
 At. xi. of the clocke, in the nyght so darke
 They did appoyne, for to fulfill this worke
 He often thanked, her gentlines
 And so departed, with great gladnes
 And so he went, unto his study
 Passyng the tyme, himselfe full merclly
 Tyll that the clocke, did strike a leuen

Then to the wall, he went full euen
And founde the basket, at the grounde already
And entred into it, full sodaynly
Wagging the rope, whiche the lady espyed
Whiche to the wyndowe ryght anone he byed
With her two maydens, she did him vp wynde
Amiddes the wall, and left hym there behynde
That was spuefedom, and more from the grounde
When him selfe, in suche a case he founde
Alas he sayde, myne owne lady saue
Myne honestye, and what ye list to haue
ye shall haue it, at your owne desire
Howe wynde me vp, my hart is on fyre
Thou shalt quod she, in that place abyde
That all the cytie, so ryght long and wyde
May the beholde, and the matter knowe
For myne honestie, and thy shame I crowe
So there he hong, tyll noone of the daye
That euery persone, whiche went by the waye
Myght hym well se, and also beholde
and vnto them, the very cause she tolde
Lo howe with shame, she her loue rewarded
His payne and sorowe, she nothyng regarded
Thus at the last, he adowne was brought
Replete with shame it bayleth hym ryght nought
Thus with great anger, he his loue confounded
Healyng the stroke, whiche that she hath wounded
And by his craft, he in Rome did drench
Euery fyre, for he left none to quenche
and to warde Rome, a great circuite aboute
There was no fyre, that was vnput out
He at her buttockes, set a brennyng cole
No fyre there was, but at her ars hole.

She

She turned her tounce, that was crispe and fatte
all about Rome, did fetch the fyre therat
One of an other, myght na fyre get
It would not kyndle, without he it fet
From her ars, by the magykes arte
She blew the fyre, when she let a fart
Thus euery man, myght beholde and se
With the lyght of fyre, her pretty priuie
Thus all the cytie, vpon her did wonder
For perfitte sorowe, her harte was nere a sunder
And thus Wyggle, with crafty subtilnes
Rewarde her falshode, and doublenes
All this I tell, though that I be a sole
To the yong knyght, for thou maist go to schole
In tyme comyng, of true loue to learne
Beware of that, for thou canst not decerne
Thy ladies mynde, though that she speake the fayre
Her harte is false, she wyl no truthe repayre
Nay quod I, they are not all disposed
So for to do, as ye haue here disclosed
Aha quod he, I to we well ye be
A true louer, so mote I thine and the
Let not thy lady, of thy harte be rother
When thou art gone, she wyl sone haue an other
Thus forth we rode, tyll we sawe a farre
A roiall towre as bryght as any starre
To whiche we rode as fast as we myght
When we came there, adowne my stede I lyght
So dyd this Godfrey gobstue also
Into the temple, after me gan go
There sate dame Venus, and cupide her sonne
Whiche had chert parliament, ryght newly begonne

To redresse louers, of thet payne and wo
Whiche in the temple, did walke co and fro
and euery one, his byll did present
Before Venus in her hyghe parliament
The temple of her royall consistory,
Was walled all about, with pyro
All of golde/like a place solacious
The rouse was made, of knottes curious
I can nothing extende the goodlines
Of her temple so muche of ryches
This Godfrey gobllpye, went lightly
Unto Dame Sapience, the secretary
That did him make, this supplication
To the goddesse Venus, with breuiation
O lady Venus, of loue the goddesse
Redresse my payne, of mortall heauyness
I did once wo, an olde mayden ryche
A foule chefe an olde wydzed wiche
Fayre mayde I sayde, will ye me haue
Nay sir so God me kepe and saue
For you are euill fauoured, and also hgly
I am the worse, to se your visnamp
yet was she fouler, many an hundred folde
Then I my selfe, as ye may well beholde
And therewithall he caused to depaynte
His face and hers, all under his complaynte
and to Venus, he made deliuerance
Of his complaint, by a shor circumsaunce
Whiche ryght anone, when she had it sene
Began to laughe, with all the courtie I wene
Lo here the fygyres, of them both cerryne
Judge whiche is best fauoured of them cerryne

Thus

flap sy; ye beto yll
sauoured;

flapze mayde wyl ye haue me.



Thus godfrey go by pue, did make suche a sport
That many louers, to hym did resorte
When I sawe tyme, I went to Sapience
She wyng to her, with all my diligence
Howe that my hart, by Venus was trapt
With a snare of loue, so priuely bewrapt
And in her tower to haue a dwelling place
I seke aduentures, to attayne her grace.
Her name quod I, la bell Pucell is
Boch east and west, she is well knowne psons

13. lll.

And

And myne name, la grande Armonie is called
Whose harte with payne, she all about hath walled
With her beautie, whiche dame nature create
aboue all other, in moſte hyghe eſtate
Well ſayde Sapience, I thinke in my mynde
Her loue and fauoure, you ſhall attayne by kynde
and I wyl drawe, to you incontinent
all your complaynt, as is conuenient
Unto dame Venus, ſo ſe directly
For your payne and ſorowe, ſone a remedy
She drew my pyteous lamentacion,
accoꝝyng to this ſupplication.

The ſupplication.

Cap. xxx.

O Venus lady, and excellent Goddeſſe
Celeſtiall ſtarre, hauyng the ſoueraigntye
aboue all other ſtarres, as lady and princes
as is accoꝝding vnto your deitie
Pleaſeth it now, your great benignitie
Unto my complaynt, for to geue audience
Whiche burne in loue with peacynge byolence

For ſo it happened, that the lady Fame
Did with me meete, and gan to expreſſe
Of a fayre lady, whiche had vnto name
La bell Puce, come of hye nobleſſe
Whose beautie cleare, and comely goodlines
From day to day, both tyght wel reuenue
With grace bydded, and with great vertue

She tolde me, of her fayre habitation
and of the wayes, thereto full daungerous
Her ſweete repoꝝte, gaue me exhortacion

Unto

Unto my herte for to be courigious
To passe the passage harde and troblous
And to bring me out of great encumbraunce
She me deliuered both grace and gouernaunce

So forth we went to the toure of science
For to attayne in euery artike poole
And first doctryne by good experience
Unto dame grammer did sette me to scoole
Of mysty ignoraunce to oppres the doole
And so I ascended vnto dame logyke
And after her vnto lusty rethorike

Till at the last at a feast solemply
To a temple I went dame musike to heare
Play on her organs with swete armony
But than on losse I saw to me appeare
The floure of comforte the sterre of vertue clere
Whose beaute bright into my herte did passe
Like as fayre Shebus doth shyne in the glasse

So was my herte by the stroke of loue
With sorow prest and with mortall payne
That vnneth I myght from the place re noue
Where as I stode I was to take certayne
yet by I loked to se her agayne
And at auenture with a sorow moode
Up than I went where as her person stode

And first of all my herte gan to lerne
Byght well to register in remembraunce
How that her beaute I might than decerne
From top to to endued with pleasaunce

Pleasure.

S. l.

Wh. ch

Which I shall shew withouten variaunce
Her shynung here so properly she dresses
Alose her forehead with fayre golden tresses

Her forehead stepe with fayre browes ybent
Her epen gray her nose streyght and fayre
In her whyte chkes the fayre bloud it went
As among the whyte the rede to repayre
Her mouth right small/her breth swete of ayre
Her lyppes softe and ruddy as a rose
No hert on lyue but it wold him appose

Wyth a lyttle pytte in her wellfaured chynne
Her necke longe and whyte as ony lilly
Wyth baynes blew in which the bloode ran inne
Her paypes round and ther to right pretty
Her armes slender and of goodly body
Her fingers small, and ther to right longe
White as the milke, with blew baynes among

Her fete proper, she gartered well her hose
I neuer saw so swete a creature
Nothung she lacketh as I do suppose
That is longing to fayre dame nature
yet more ouer her countenaunce so pure
So swete so louely Wold any hert inspire
Wyth feruent loue to attayne his desyre

But what for her maners passeth all
She is both gentyll good and vertuous
Alas what fortune did me to her call
Without that she be to me pitcous
With her so fettered in paynes dolorous

Alas

Alas shall pite be from her exyled
Which all vertues hath so vndefiled

Thus in my mynde whan I had engraued
Her goodly countenaunce and fayre figure
It was no wonder that I was amased
My herte and minde she had so tane in cure
Nothing of loue I durst to her discure
yet for bicause I was in her presence
I toke acquaintance of her excellence

My herte was drenched in great sorow depe
Though outwardly my countenaunce was lyght
The inward wo into my hert did crepe
To hide my payne it was great force and myght
Thus her fete beaute with a soden sight
My hert hath wounded, which must nedes obey
Unto such a sorow alas welawaye

For she is gone and departed right ferre
In her countre where she doth abyde
She is now gone, the fayre shining sterre
O lady Venus I pray the proude
That I may after at the morow tide
And by the way with hert rigorous
To subdue mine enemies contrarious

And yet thy grace moost humbly I pray
To send thy sonne lytle Cupide before
With louing letters as fast as thou may
That she may know somewhat of my paynes sore
Which for her sake I suffer euermore
Now lady Venus with my hole intent

Of lyfe or death I byde the iudgement

Well than sayd Venus I haue perſeuerance
That you know ſomwhat of mighty power
Which to my court ſue for my quarntaunce
To haue releaſe of your great paynes lower
Abide a while ye muſt tary the hotter
The time renneth toward right faſt
Joy cometh after whan the ſorrow is paſt

Alas I ſayd who is fettered in chaynes
He thinketh long after deliueracion
Of his great wo and eke mortall paynes
For who abideth paynfull penaunce
Thinketh a ſhort while a longe contynuaunce
Who may not ſpeke with her he loueth beſt
It is no wonder though he take no reſt

Abide quod ſhe you muſt a while yet tary
Though to haue comfort ye right long do thinke
I ſhall prouide for you a lectrary
Which after ſorrow into your herte ſhall ſinke
Though you be brought now vnto derhes drynke
yet drede exile and lyue in hope and truſt
For at the laſt you ſhall attayne your luſt

And ſpecially I gyue to you a charge
To fyxe your loue for to be true and ſtable
Vpon your lady and not to ſe at large
As in ſundry wiſe for to be variable
In corrupt thoughtes vyle and culpable
Drepence nothing vnto her diſhoneſty
For loue diſhoneſt hath no correſpente

And sithen that I was cause you be gone
fyrst for to loue I shall a letter make
vnto your lady and send it by my sonne
Lytle cuppde that shall it to her take
That she your sorow may detray or flake
her ha. ded herte it shall well reuolue
Wyth pyteous wordes that shall it dissolue

And right anon as the mater foloweth
She caused sapyence a letter to wyte
Lo what her fauour vnto me auayleth
Whan for my selfe she did so well indite
As I shall shew in a short respyte
The gentyll fourme and tenour of her letter
To spede my cause for to attayne the better

The copy of the letter.

Ca. xxi.

Bright gentyll herte of grene flouring age
The sterre of beute and of famous porte
Consyder well that your lusty courage
Age of his cours must at the last transpote
Now trowch of his right dooth our selfe exhote
That you your youth in ydelnes wyll spende
Wythouten pleasure to byrnyng it to an ende

What was the cause of your creation
But man to loue the world to multiply
As to sow the sede of generation
Wyth feruent loue so well conueniently
The cause of loue engendzeth perfectly
Upon an entent of dame nature
Which you haue made so fayre a creature

Chan of dame nature what is the entent

S. iii.

But

But to accomplishe her fayre fede to fow
In such a place as is conuenient
To gods pleasure, for to increase and grow
The kinde of her yemay not ouerthrow
Say What ye lyst/ye can nothing deny
But otherwhyle ye thinke full priuely

What the man is, and what he can do
Of chaumbre werke as nature can agre
Though by experience ye know nothing therto
yet oft ye muse and thinke what it may be
Nature prouoketh of her strong degre
you so to as hath bene her olde guyse
Why wyll you than the true loue dispyse

In your court there is a byll presented
By graundamour Whose hert endures
you fast haue fettered not to be absented
From your person with mortall herynes
His hert and seruice with all gentylnes
He to you oweth as to be obedient
For to fulfyll your swete commaundement

What you auayleth your beaute so fayre
your lusty youth and your gentill countenance
Without that you in your minde will repayre
It for to spend in ioy and plesaunce
To folow the trace of da ne natures daunce
And thus in doing you shall your seruaunt hele
Of his disease and hurte you neuer a dele

One must you loue, it can not be denied
For harde it is to voyde you of the chaunce

Chan

Than to loue him best that you haue so stayed
Wyth fyre charynes fettered in penaunce
For he is redy without doubtaunce
In euery thing for to fulfyll your wyll
And as yelyst, ye may him saue or spyll

Alas what payne and mortall wo
Were it to you and you were in lyke case
Wyth him dismayde which you haue rayed so
Wold you not than thinke it a longe space
In his swete herte to haue a dwellpug place
Than in your minde, you may reuolue that he
Most long do thinke that ioyfull day to se

Is not he ponge both wyse and lusty
And eke descended of the gentyll lyne
What wyll you haue more of him truly
Than you to serue as true loue wyll inclyne
But as I thinke you do now determine
To fyre your minde for worldly treasure
Though in your youth ye lese your pleasure

Alas remember first your beaute
Your youth, your courage, and your tender herte
What payne here after it may to you be
Whan you lacke that which is true louers deserte
I tell you this yowr selfe to conuerte
For lytle know ye of this payne yowr
To lyue with him in whome no pleasure is

Where that is loue there can be no lacke
Fye on that loue for the land or substaunce
For it must nedes ryght soone abacke

Whan

Whan that youth hath no ioye nor pleasure
In the party with natures suffisance
Than wyl you for the sinne of aueriche
Unto your youth do such a prejudice

Thus sithen nature hath you well indued
With so much beaute and dame grace also
your vertuous maners hath so well reued
Exyle disdayne and let her from you go
And also straungenes and to loue the fo
And let no couetous your true herte subdue
But that is ioye you may your youth ensue

For of I loue the goddes dame Venus
Right well to knowe that in the world is none
That vnto you shall be more ioyous
Than graund amour that loueth you alone
Sith he so did it is many dayes agone
Who euer saw a fayre yong hart so harde
Which for her sake wolde se her true loue mard

And so shall he without yetake good hede
If he so be ye be cause of the same
For loue with deeth wyl ye reward his meede
And if ye do ye beto muche to blame
To loue vnloved ye knowe it is no game
Wherefore me thinke ye can do no lesse
But with your loue his paynes to redres

If ye do not this may be his songe
Wo Worth the tyme that euer he you met
Wo worth your hert so doing him wrong
Wo worth the houre that his true herte was set

No worth by dayne that wold his purpose let
No worth the flour that can do no bote
No worth you that perst him at the route

No worth my loue the cause of my sorow
No worth my lady that wyl not it releace
No worth fortune both euen and morow
No worth trouble that shall haue no peace
No worth cruelte that may neuer cease
No worth youth that wyl not pitie haue
No worth her that wyl not her loue saue

No worth the trust without assuraunce
No worth loue rewarded with hate
No worth loue replete with variaunce
No worth loue without a frendly mate
No worth the herte with loue at debate
No worth the beaute which toke me in snare
No worth the hert that wyl not cease my care

No worth her maners and her goodly nes
No worth her eyes so clere and ampyable
No worth such cause of my great sickness
No worth pite on her not tendable
No worth her minde in disdayne so stable
No worth her that hath me fettered fast
And no worth loue that I do spend in wast

Wherefore of right I pray you to remembre
All that I wyte vnto you right now
How your true loue is of age but tendre
His humble seruice we pray you allow
And he him selfe evermore employe
Pleasure. C. l. pen

you for to please and glorie the souerainne
How can you haue a more true loue than he

And fare ye Well there is no more to say
Under our signet in our court shall
Of September the two and twenty day
She closed the letter and to her did call
Curyde her sonne so dere and speciall
Commaunding him as fast as he myght
To la belle pucell for to take his flyght

So did Curyde with the letter flye
Unto la belle pucelles dominacion
There that he spedde full well and wonderly
As I shall after make relacion
But to my matter with breuyacion
A turtle I offered for to magnify
Dame Venus hye estate to glorify

She me exhorted for to be right hardy
Forth on trauayle and to drede nothing
I toke my leue of her full humbly
And on my way as I was ryding
This Godfrey gobelyue came rennyng
Wyth his little nagge and cryed tary tary
For I wyll come and bere you company

And for because that I was than full sadde
And by the way he made me good game
To haue his company I was somewhat gladd
I was not proude I toke of him no shame
He came to me and sayd ye are to blame
So to ryde loursing for a womans sake

Unto



Unto the deuyll I do them all betake.

They be not stedfast but chaunge as the mone
 Whan one is gone they loue another sone
 Who that is single and wyll haue a wyfe
 Right out of toy he shall be brought in stryfe
 Thus whan Godfrey did so mery make
 There did a lady vs sone ouer take
 And in her hand she had a knotted whyp
 At euery verte she made godfrey to skyppe
 Alas he sayd that euer I was bozne
 Now am I take for all my mocke and scorne
 I loked about whan that I herde him crye

C.ii.

Scing

Seeing this lady on her palfrey ryde bye
Wh adame I sayd I pray you me tell
your proper name and where that you dwell
My name quod she is called correction
And the toure of chastite is my mancyon
This strong thefe called false reporte
Wyth vylayne courage and an other sorte
And vyle perlers false coniecture
All these I had in pryson full sure
But this false reporte hath broken pryson
Wyth his subtyl craftre and euyl treason
And this iourney priuely to spede
He hath clad him in this fooles wede
Now haue I answered you your question
And I pray you of a lyke solucion
proue me thinke for to be a knight
I pray you first to tell me your name aryght
My name quod I is la graund amour
I well quod she you are the perfite floure
Of al true louers as I do wel know
you shall attayne la belle pucell I trove
I know right well ye are aduenturous
Onward your way to the toure peryllous
And for as much as the night is nere
I humbly pray you for to take the chere
That I may make you in my toure this night
It is here by you shall of it haue a fight
And I pray you to helpe me to brynde
This false reporte as you shoud do by kynde
What Godfrey quod I wyll you chaunge your name
Nay nay quod he it was for no shame
But alas for wo that she hath me taken
I must obey it can not be forlaken

His

his fete were fettered vnderneath his nagge
And bound his handes behinde to his bagge
Thus correction with her whyp did dryue
The litle nagge wryth Godfrey gobelyue
Tyll at the last we gan to approche
Her riall tour vpon a craggy roche
The night was come for it was right late
yet right anone we came vnto the gate
Where we were let in by dame measure
That was a fayre and a goodly creature
And so correction brought me to the hall
Of gete well wrought glased with cristall
The rofe was golde and amiddes was set
A car buncle that was large and great
Whose vertue clere in the hall so bryght
About did cast a great meruaylous lyght
So forth we went vnto a chamber fayre
Where many ladies did them selfe repaire
And at our coming than incontinent
They welcomed vs as was conuenient
But of correccyon they were very glad
Which false reporte agayne take had
There was quene Phantastyle with penalape
Quene helyne and quene menalape
Quene ytheside and quene proserpine
The lady Meduse and yong Polixine
With many mo that I do not rehearse
My time is short I must from them reuerse
And dame correction into a chambre ledde
Me right anone for to go to my bedde
What nede I shew of my great chere and rest
I wanted no ight but had all of the best
And so I slept tyll that auroza clere

Began

Began to myne amiddes the golden spere
Than by I rose and my betlet also
Which made me redy and to my stede did go
And dame correction at the morow tyde
Did me entreate a while to abyde
And right anone my breakfast was brought
To make me chere there wanted right nought
And after this dame correction
Did lede me to a meruaylous dongen
And first she led me to the upper ward
Where shamefastnes did vs well regarde
For he was gayler and had at his charge
Euery rebell not for to go at large
In the first ward there wente to and fro
Both men and women might no farther go
But yet they hoped for to haue releue
Of theyr imprison which did them so greue
These prisoners whan true loue was meued
They wold dyue of and release the greued
And for this cause by egal Jugement
Lyke as they did here hath theyr punishment
And shamefastnes lower did vs bring
Where we saw men in great tormenting
With many ladies that their mouthes gagged
And false reporte on me his head wagged
Than right anone a lady gan to scrape
His furred tonge that he cryed lyke an ape
And byle peller in lykewyse also
His tonge was scraped that he suffered wo
And yet we went into a depe vale
Where I saw men that were in great bale
In holly bushes they did hange aloft
Theyr hedes downeward for to fall vnsofte

And

And two ladies dyde theyr bodyes bete
with knotted whippes in the felthe to fete
That the desyre it sholde sone aswage
And specyally of the bylayne courage
These men with sugred mouthes so eloquente
A maydens herte coude ryght sone relesse
And these yonge madens for to take in snare
They sayne greate wo and for to suffer care
The foly the maydens dyd byleue they smarted
That to theyr wyll the men them conuerted
Thus whan that they had them so begyled
And with theyr fraude these maydens desyled
They cast them of theyr roke no longer kepe
So Where ye lyst though they crye and wepe
Therfore these ladies wryth theyr whippes harde
Theyr bodyes bete that theyr bodyes had marde
And euery man as he hath deserued
A payne there is whiche is for hym obserued
Thus Whan I had all the pylson sene
With the tourmente of many a one I wene
And forthe we wente agayne to the hall
My stede was redy and brought to the wall
And of the ladies clere in excellence
I toke my leue with all due reuerence
And thanked correccyon with my herte entere
Of my repose and of her lounge chere
To me she sayd remembre you well
Of the swete beaute of Labelle pucell
Whan you her herte in fetters haue chayned
Let her haue yours in lyke wyse retayned
Loke that your herte, your worde, and countenaunce
Agre all in one without varyaunce
If she for pyte do release your payne

Con

Consyder it and loue her best agayne
Be true and secrete and make none aduaunte
Whan you of loue haue a perfyte graunte
And if ye wyll come vnto your wyll
Both here and se and than holde you styll
Drede you nothing but take a good herte
For right sone after you from hens departe
Right high aduentures vnto you shall fall
In tyme of sight vnto your mind than call
If you preuaile you shall attayne the fame
Of hye honour to certify the same
And therewith I lyght vpon my stede
Madame I sayd I pray god do you mede
Farewell she sayd for you must now hens
Adue good I with all my diligens.

How graunde amoure dyscomfyted the Giaunte
with thre hedes & was receiued of thre ladyes.

Ca. xxxii.



¶ When golden Phebus in the capricorne
 Can to ascend fast vnto aquary
 And Janus bifrons the crowne had worne
 With his frosty berd in January
 When clere Diana ioyned with mercury
 The cristall ayre and assured firmament
 Were all depured without encumbement

Forth than I rode at myne owne aduenture
 Ouer the mountaynes and the craggy roche
 To behold the countrees I had great pleasure
 Where corall growed by right hye flackes
 And the poppyngayes in the tre toppes
 Pleasure,

W.i.

Chan

Than as I rode I sawe me before
Beside a welle hange both a helde and a horne

whan I came there adowne my stede I lyght
And the fayre bugle I ryght well behelde
Blasynge the armes as well as I myghte
That was so grauen vpon the goodly helde
First all of syluer dyd appere the felde
With a rampynge lion of fyne golde so pure
And vnder the helde there was this scrypture

yf any knyght that is aduenturous
Of his great pride dare the bugle blowe
There is a gyaunte bothe fyerce and rygorous
That wyth his might shall hym sonne ouerthrowe
This is the waye as ye shall now knowe
To la belle pusell but withouten fayle
The sturdy gyaunte wyll geue you batayle

whan I the scripture ones or thwys hadde redde
And knewe therof all the hole effecte
I blew the horne without any drede
And toke good herte all fere to abiecte
Makynge me redy for I dyde suspecte
That the great gyaunte vnto me wolde hast
whan he had herde me blowe so loude ablasse

I alyght anone vpon my gentyll stede
Aboute the well then I rode to and fro
And thought ryght well vpon the Joyfull mede
That I woulde haue after my payne and wo
And my lady I dyd thynke also
Tyll at the last my barlet dyd me tell

Take hede quod he here is a fende of hell

My greyhoundes leped and my stede did sterte
My spere I roke and did loke aboute
Wyth hardy courage I did arme me herte
At last I saw a sturdy giaunt stoute
Twelue fote of length co fere a great route
Thre hedes he had and he armed was
Both hedes and body all about with bras

Upon his first head in his helmet creest
There stode a fane of the silke so fyne
Where was wytten with letters of the best
My name is falsed I shall cause enclyne
My neyghbours goods for to make them myne
Alway I get theyr lande or substaunce
With subtyll fraude deceyte or variaunce

And whan a knyght with noble chyualry
Of la belle pucell shoud attayne the grace
Wyth my great falsed I werke so subtylly
That in her herte she hath no place
Thus of his purpose I do let the cace
This is I my power and my condicion
Loue to remoue by great illusion

And of the second head in a silken tassell
There I saw wytten ymaginacion
My crafty wytte is withouten fayle
Loue for to bring in perturbacion
Where la belle pucell wold haue affection
To graund amour I shall a tale deuise
To make her hate him and him to dispyse
Pleasur.

Al.

23p

By my false wytte so muche imaginative
The trouth full ofte I bring in disease
Where as was peace I cause to be stryfe
I wyll suffer no man for to lyue in ease
For if by fortune he wyll be displease
I shall of him ymagin such a tale
That out of ioy it shall turne into bale

And on the thirde hede in a streyer grene
There was written my name is perjury
In many a towne I am knownen as I wene
Where as I lyst I do great iniury
And do forswere my selfe full wrongfully
Of all thinges I do hate conscience
But I loue lucre with all diligence.

Betwene two louers I do make debate
I will so sweare that they thinke I am true
For euer falslyd with his owne estate
To a lady comyth and sayth to eschew
An inconuenience that ye do not rue
your loue is nought ymaginacion knoweth
I swore in lykewise and anon she croweth

That we haue sayd is of very trouth
Her loue she casteth right clene out of minde
That with her loue she is wonderly wroth
With fayned kindnes we do her so blynde
Than to her louer she is full vnkinde
Thus our thre powres were ioynd in one
In this mighty giaunt many dayes agone

And whan that I had sene every thinge

My spere I charged that was very great
And to this giaunt so fyerly coming
I toke my cour se that I with him mette
Brekyn my spere upon his first helmet
And right anone adowne my stede I lyght
Drawing my swerde that was fayre and bryght

I clypped Clarapudence that was fayre and sure
At the giaunt I stroke with all my vyolence
But he my strokes might right well endure
He was so great and huge of pypsaunce
His glaue he did agaynst me aduaunce
Which was soure fore and moze of cuttyng
And as he was his stroke dischargynge

Because his stroke wys heuy to beare
I lept asyde from hym full quickly
And to him I ran without any feare
Whan he had discharged agayne full lightly
He rozed loude and sware I should aby
But what for that I stroke at him fast
And he at me but I was not agast

But as he faught he had a vauntage
He was right hye and I vnder him loby
Tyll at the last with lusty courage
Upon the side I gaue him such a blow
That I right nere did him ouerthrow
But right anone he did his might enlarge
That vpon me he did such a stroke discharge

That vnneeth I might make resistaunce
Agayn his power for he was so stronge

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Where as was peace I cause to be stryfe
I wyll suffer no man for to lyue in ease
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I shall of him ymagin such a tale
That out of ioy it shall turne into bale

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That vnneeth I might make resistaunce
Agayn his power for he was so stronge

Ydid defend me agaynst his byolence
And thus the battayll dured right longe
Yet euermore I did thinke amonge
Of la belle pucell whom I shold attayne
After my battayles to release my payne

And as I looked I saw than ouale
Fayre golden Phebus with his beames read
Than by my courage I began to hale
Which nigh before was agone and dead
My swerde so entred that the giaunt blede
And with my strokes I cut of anone
One of his legges amidde the thye bone

Than to the ground he adowne did fall
And vpon me he gan to loure and glum
Enforcing him so for to ryse withall
But that I shortly vnto hem did cum
With his thre hedes he spytte all his venum
And I with my swerde as fast as coude be
With all my force cut of his hedes thre

Whan I had so obteyned the victorie
Vnto me than my verlet well sayd
You haue demaunded well and worthely
My greyhoundes lepte and my stede than brayde
And than from ferre I saw well arayed
To me come ryding thre ladies right swete
Forth than I rode and did wyth them mete

The fyrst of them was called veryste
And the second good operation
The thirde and cleped fydeyste

All they at ones wth good opinion
Did geue to me great landacion
And me besched with her hert entere
Wth them to rest and to make good chere

I graunted them and than backward We rode
The mighty giaunt to se and behold
Whose huge body Was more than fīue cartte lode
Which lay there bleding that was almost colde
They for his death did thanke me many a fold
For he to them was enemy mortall
Wherfore his thre hedes the toke in special

And than verite on the first fane
Did sette aloft of falshoed the hede
And good operacion in lyke wise had fane
Of ymaginacion that full soze than bledde
Upon his hede alofte vpon his baner rede
And in likewise fydelite had serued
Perfuries hede as he had well deserued

And with swete songes and swete armony
Before me they rode to their farre castell
So forth I rode with great ioy and glozy
Unto the place where these ladies did dwell
Sette on a rocke beside a spyng or a well
And fame obseruaunce the goodly portres
Did vs receyue with solempe gladnes

Than to the chambze that was very bryght
They did me lede for to take myne ease
After my trouble and my great sturde fighthe
But thre woundes I had causing my disease

My paine and wo they did sone appease
And heled my woundes with salues aromatyke
Telling me of a great giaunt lunnyke

Whose name truly was called variaunce
Whome I should mete after my departyng
These ladies vnto me did great pleasunce
And in meane while as we were talking
For me my suppour was in ordeynyng
Thus whan by temperaunce it was prepared
And than to it we went and right well fared

Tell me quod veritie if you be content
What is your name so hye aduenturous
And who that you into this cost hath sent
Madame I sayd I was so amorous
Of la belle pucell so fayre and beauteous
La graunde amour truly is my name
Which seke aduentures to attayne the fame

A ha quod she I thought as much before
That you were he for your great hardines
La belle pucell must loue you euermore
Which for her sake in your hye nobles
Doth such actes by chyualrous exces
Her gentyl hert may nothing deny
To rewarde your mede with loue full feruently

Thus did we passe time in all maner of ioye
I lacketh nothing that might make me solace
But euermore as noble Troylus of Troy
Full ofte I thought on my fayre ladyes face
And her to se a much longer space

Whan

When time was come, to rest I was brought
All to me longping there lacked right nought

What should I wade, by perambulacion
My tyme is shorte, and I haue farre to sayle
Unto the lande of my conclusion
The wynde is east ryght slowe without fayle
To blowe my shyppe, of diligent trauayle
To the last ende of my matter troublous
With waues enclosed, so tempestuous

Ryght in the morowe, when aurora clere
Her radiaunt beames, began for to spreade
and splendent Phebus, in his golden spere
The cristall ayre, did make fayre and rebde
Darke Dyane declining pale as any ledde
When the lytle byrdes, sweetely vpd syng
Laudes to their maker, early in the mornynge.

Capit. xxiiii.

WH I rose and did make me ready
For I thought long, vnto my iourneys ende
My grahoundes lept, on me ryght merely
To cheate me forwarde, they did condescende
And the thre ladies, my cheate to amende
A good breakfast, did for me ordayne
They were ryght gladde, the gyaunt was slayne

I toke my leaue, and on my way I ryde
Through the woodes and on rockes hye
I loked about, and on the hyl abode
Till in the vale, I sawe full hastely
Come come ryding, a lady likerly
I well behelde, the hye waye so vsed

But of this lady, cythe often I mused

Till at the last, we bid mete together
Madame I sayde, the hye God you saue
She thanked me, and did aske me whether
That I so rode, and what I would haue
Cruely quod I, nothyng els I craue
Of the hye God, but to be so fortunate
La bell Pucell, to haue to my mate

What is your name, then sayde she
La graunde amoure, forsothe madame quod I
Then was she glad as any one myght be
And sayde she was sent, fro myne owne lady
Tidynge I sayde, I praye you hartely
your lady quod she, is in perfect health
And would be glad, to heare of your wealch,

She promised you in a garden grene
To loue you best of any creature
So doth she yet as I thynke and wene
Though that disoayne, brought her to her lute
But of her harte now, you shall be sure
Be of good chere, and for nothyng dismaye
I spake with her, but nowe this other daye

And she my selfe, vnto you hath sent
My name is called, dame Perceuerance
A little before, that I from her went
To her came Cupide, with great circumstance
And brought a letter, of Venus ordinaunce
Whiche vnto her, he did anon present
When she it reade, and knewe the entent

All inwardly, full wonderly dismayed
Wichouten woꝛde, she did stande right well
Her harded harte, was full well delayed
What for to do, she knewe not good or ill
You for to helpe, or let you so spyll
Disdayne and Strangenes, did stande then therby
Seing her countenaunce, they gan to dꝛawe nye

Madame quod they, why are ye so sadde
Alas quod she, it is no maruyle why
Bygh: nowe, of Cupide, a letter I had
Sent from Venus, full ryght maruylously
By whiche I haue perceyued vterly
That a yong knyght, called grande amoure
Doch for my sake, suffer suche boloure

That of constraynte, of woofull heuines
He is nere dead, all onely for my sake
Shall he nowe dye, or shall I hym relese
Of his great wo, and to my mercy take
Abyde quod Strangenes, and pour forowe flake
Haue you hym sene, in any time befoze
Yes yes quod she, that doch my wo restore

At pentecost, no we many dayes ago
Musike to heare, at great solemnitie
To and fro he walked, him selfe all alone
In a great temple, of olde antiquite
Till that by fortune, he had espied me
And ryght anone, or that I was ware
To me he came, I knewe nought of his care

He semeth gentle, his maners ryght good

I behelde right well all his condiclon
Humble of chere, and of goodly mode
But I thought nothyng, of his affliction
But his behauour the with the occasion
Of feruent loue, as then in myne entene
I oft dyd deme, and geue a iudgement

So after this, I dyd then sone departe
Home to my countrey, where I dyd abyde
When I was gone, full heauy was his harte
As Cupide saith I must for hym proude
a gentle remedy, at this todayne tyme
and for my sake, he is aduenturous
To subdue mine enemies, co me contrarious

A quod Disdayne, knowe ye his substance
Why wyll you loue suche a one as he
Though he seme gentle and of good gouernaunce
you shall haue one, of farre hyer degre
He is nothyng more, as it semeth me
To be your fere your fauour to attayne
What is it to you, though he suffer payne

Could you selfe, let his euen to haue a syght.
Of your beauty, or his harte to be set
What skilleth you, though that he dye this nyght
you called hym not, when he with you mette
And he will loue you, you can not hym let
Be as he may, ye shall haue myne assent
Him for to forsake, as is most expedient

Alas madame, then saide dame Strangenes
When he cometh hether, your courage abate

Lobe

Loke hys vpon hym, beware of mekenes
and thinke that you shall haue, an hie estate
Let not graunde amoure, safe to you chckmate
Be straunge vnto hym, as ye knowe nothyng
The perfite cause, of his true commyng

And in meane whyle, came to her presence
Bame Peace and Mercie, and to her they sayde
alas madame, consider your excellence
and howe your beauty, hath hym so arrayed
If you haue hym ye may be well arrayed
and doubt you not if that ye loue for loue
God will sende, ryches, to come to you aboue

Will you for loue, let hym dye or peryshe
Whiche loueth you so, with feruent desyre
and you your selfe, may his sorowe minishe
That with your beauty, set his harte a fyre
your sweete lokcs, did his harte enspire
That of fyne force he must to your obeys
To liue or dye, there is no more to saye

Alas quod Peace, will ye let hym endure
In mortal payne, withouten remedy
Stichen his harte, you haue so rane in cure
your hasty dome, loke that ye modesty
Exile Disdayne and Strangenes thyselfe
and sende Perceuerance, as fast as ye may
To comfort hym, in his troublous iourney

Then in her mynde, she gan to reuolue
The louyng wordes, of Mercy and Peace
Her hardy harte, she gan for to dissolue

And in wardly, she did to me release
Her perfice loue, your great payne to cease
And did exile then from her, to wyldernes
Both dame Disdayne, and eke dame strangenes

And did me sende to you incontinent
With this goodly shelde, that ye should it worre
For her sweete sake, as is conuenient
It is sure, ye shall not neede to feare
The stroke of swerde, or yet the grate of spere
She prayeth you, to be of good chere
aboue all men, ye are to her moste deare

Nowe sayde Perceuerance, I pray you repose
This long nyght, with my cosen comfort
a gentle lady, as any may suppose
She can you tell, and also well exhort
Of la bell Pucell, with a true report
I thanke her, of her great goodnes
and so we rode, with ioye and gladnes

Tyll that we came, vnto a manour place
Hoted about, vnder a woode syde
alyght she sayde, for by ryght long space
In payne and wo, you did suer abyde
after an ebbe there cometh a flowyng tyde
So downe I lyght, from my goodly bedde
after my payne, to haue rest for my mede

Then dame Perceuerance, on che way me ledde
Into che place, where did vs gentilly mete
The lady Comfort, without any dzedde
With countenance, that was demure and sweete

In goodly maner she dyd vs then grete
Leadyng vs, to a chamber precious
Dulcet of adoure, and moſte ſolacious

And pryncely ſhe asked a queſtion
Of Perccuerance, what ſhe called was
La graunde amoure, without abuſion
Loſen quod ſhe, he doth all louers paſſe
Like as doth Phebus, in the pure glaſſe
So doth his dedes, extolle the ſouerayntie
Of the darke graunces, by highe auctoritie

When ſhe it knewe, ſhe was of me ryght ſayne
Nothyng ſhe lacked, that was to my pleaſaunce
After my trauayle, and my wofull payne
Good meate and dypnke, ſhe had to ſuſtenaunce
We ſate together by long continuaunce
But euermore Comfort gaue exhortacion
To me of patience, in tribulacion

Thinke well quod ſhe, that in the worlde is none
Whiche can haue pleaſure, without wo and care
Ioye cometh after, when the payne is gone
Was neuer man, that was deuoyde of bare
alwaye of ioye, after his wofull ſnare
Who knoweth payne, and hath bene in trouble
after his wo, his ioye is to him double

It may ſo fortune, that la bell Ducell
Hath diuers frendes, that be not content
That her fauoure, ye ſhould aſſayne ſo well
For you, of them, ſhe may often be ſpent

But what for that, she shall not her repent
and if her frendes, be with you angry
Suffer their wordes, and take it patiently

Agaynst their yll, do vnto them good
Them for to please, be alwaye diligent
So shall you wage the tempestuous floode
Of their stormy myndes, so impatient
And inwardly, they shall them selues repent
That they to you, haue bene contrarious
In suche fyer anger, hote and furious

Thus by your wisdom, ye shall them so wyne
Vnto your frendes, that dyd you so hate
For it is reason, you should obeye your kynne
As by obedience, both early and late
Make them your frendes with out the debate
For euer more, the spirite of patience
Doth ouercome, the angry violence

Be hardy, bolde, and also couragious
For after that, ye be gone from hence
you shall mete, with a gyaunt rigorous
Hauyng seuen heades, of yll experience
you shall subdue him, with your prudence
and other aduentures shall vnto you fall
Whiche fame shall cause, to be memorail

When it was tyme, I was brought to bedde
So all the long nyght, I endured in rest
With suche a slouthe, I taken was my heade
That my soft pylowe, founde a good geest
For long before, I was so opprest
With inward trouble, that I myght not slepe

But oft wake, and syghe with teares depe.

Capit. xxxv.

When morning came by anone I rose
and armed me, as fast as I myght
forth for to traualle, vnto my purpose
I toke my leave, and on my steede I lyght
Thankyng dame Comforte, of her chere that nyght
she with Perceuraunce, in my company
forth on the way, we rode full meryly

Ouer the heche, tyll we sawe from farre
a royall castell, tyght strongly fortified
Bulwarke aboute, accustomed for warre
On a craggy roche, it was so edified
Walled with gete, so clerely purified
To whiche we rode, and drew nere and nere
Till in our syght, did openly appeare

A myghty gyaunt. xv. fote of length
With heades seven and armed full sure
He seemed well, to be a man of strength
Then quod Perceuraunce, ye must put in bye
This daye your power, in honour to endure
Against this gyaunt, your mortall enemy
Be of good cheare, you shall haue victory

Besyd this gyaunt, by on every tree
I did se hang, many a goodly helde
Of noble knyghtes, that were of by degree
Whiche he had slayne, and murthered in the felde

p.i.

from

from farre this gyaunt, I ryght well behelde
And towarde hym, as I rode my waye
On his first head, I sawe a banner gay

Wherin was written, dissimulation
Whose nature false, is full of flattery
That onder a fained commendacion
Can cloke a mocke, and fraude full subtilly
So doth he loue, deceyue oft pryuely
For the blinde loue, doth perceyue ryght nought
That vnder hony, the porson is wrought

And the seconde heade, was a banner blew
In whiche was written, in letter s ryght white
Delay my name is, that can long eschue
a true louer, with my fatall respite
That loue for loue, shall not him acquite
For euermore, I lye oft in a wayte
Loue to delay, and cast hym from consayte

On the thirde head, in a banner square
All of reade, was wrytten discomfozt
Causyng a louer, for to browne in care
That he of loue, shall haue no report
But loke hys, his hait to transport
And I my selfe, shall him so assaile
That he in loue, shall nothyng preuaile

On the fourth head, on the helmet crest
There was a streamer, ryght white large, and long
Wheron was written, with byle of the best
My name is variaunce, that euer among

most

1.7

The

The mynde of loue doth chaunge, with great wrong
That a true louer, can not be certayne
Loue for his meede, right stedfast to retayne

And yet aloft on the first helmet
In a blacke banner, was wrytten enuy
Whose hart euer, inwardly is fect
When graund amour should attayne his lady
He museth oft, in hym selfe inwardly
To let the lady, for to let her harte
On graunde amoure, for to release his smarte

In a russet banner, on the first heade
There was wrytten, this worde detraction
That can open in a couert stede
His subtile male, replete with treason
To cause a lady, to haue suspicion
Unto her true louer with his bytter tale
That she her loue from him than dyd hale

On the. vii. hede in a baner of ryches
Was wrytten with letters all of grewe
My name truly is called doublenes
Whych I do owe vnto all ladies true
At a tyme vnware my dette shal be deu
To graunde amoure for to make him repente
That he his loue on labell pucell spent

Whan in my minde I had well aggregate
Euery thinge that I in hym had sene
Bothe of his head and of his hye estate
I called for helpe vnto the heauen quene

The day was fayre the sunne was bryght and shene
Beside a ryuer and a craggy roche
This gyaunt was whiche spied me approche

He hurtled aboue and kest his shelde afoze
And toke his are of myghy fortitude
That was of length .xx. fote and more
Whiche he had vled by longe consuetude
To daunce true louers and theyr power exclude
I toke my spere and did it well charge
And with hardines I made my force enlarge

I toke my course and to the gyaunt ranne
On his seconde head brykng than asunder
My myghty spere that he to roze began
With so base a crye that I had great wonder
His seven hendes so rozed lyke the thander
Bryght frome my stede I light to the grounde
And oze we clare prudence that was hole and sounde

The myghty gyaunte his are did by lyfte
Upon my head that the stroke should fall
But I of him was ful ware and wyse
I lept asyde so that the stroke wythall
In the grounde lyghted beside a stone wall
Thre fote and more, and anone than I
Byd lepe vnto hym strykinge full quychly

But aboue me he had suche alertyude
That I at him coude haue no ful stroke
He stroke at me with many strokes rude
and called me boye and gaue me many a moche

at the

at the laste he sayd I shall geue the a knoche
That wyth thy barnes I shall the trees depaynte
abyde quod I thou shalt be tryll fulfornite

And right anone I byr me spred
On the rockes syde. xlii. steppes ful sure
and than right fast I vppon the mhyed
That we were bothe about one stature
My strength I doubled and put so in vren
The great strokes that I cut of anone
Spre of his heades leynge him but one

whan he felt him selfe hurt so greuouly
He stretched hym vp and lyft his axe alofte
Strikinge at me with strokes wonderly
But I ful swyftly dyd geue backe ful ofte
For to deuopde his great strokes vnlofte
When he sawe this he thought him forloze
Wyth a hedious voyce he began to roze

The battayle dured, betwene vs ryght long
Tyll I saue the bus, declynyng full lowe
I auanced my swerde, that was sure and strong
and with my myght, I gaue hym suche a blowe
On his seventh heade, that he dyd ouerthrowe
When he was downe, he gan to crye and yell
Full lyke a serpent, or a fende of hell

When I sawe this, as fast as myght be
I downe I came, and did then vnlace
His seventh helmet, ryght tryche for to see
And hym beheaded, in a ryght shorte space

And then full sodne, there came to the place
Perseuerance, and my verlet also
Alas they sayde, we were for you ryght wo

But we were glad when ye had forsaken
The lowe vale, and vp the craggy sayre
For your aduantage, the hie waye had taken
Thus as we talked, we did se ladies sayre
Seuen in number, that were debonatyre
Upon white palfreys, eche of them dyd ryde
To vs ryght gentyll, from the castell syde

The first of them, was named Stedfastnes
And the seconde, Amorous perseuerance
The thirde, was Joye after great heauines
The fourch of them, was dame Continuance
And the fift of them, called dame Plesauce
The syxe was called, Repoit famous
The seuench anide, to louers dolorous

And ryght anone, with all humilite
They lyght adowne, and then incontinent
Eche after other, they came vnto me
I kyssed them, with all my whole entente
Mayle knyght they sayde, so clere and excellene
Whiche of this gyaunt, our hydeous enemy
So worthely, hath wonne the victorie

Ladies he sayde, I am muche in woꝝth
So to accept, your great prayse and fame
They prayed me, to kepe them company
I wyl quod I, or elles I were to blame

And

my

They

They prayed me, to shewe them my name and my
La graunde amoure it is, I sayde in dede
And then sayde they, no wonder though perspede

No doubtte it is, but ye shall obtayne
La bell Ducell, so ryght fayre and clere
We were with her, extiled by dysdayne
And then besyged, in this castell here
With this great graunt, more then a whole yere
And you this nyght, if it do you please
In this poze castell, shall take your ease

I thanked them, and so I rode anone
Into the castell, of olde foundacion
Walled about, with the blacke couche stone
I toke there then, my recreation
Among these ladies, with commendacion
and when tyme came, that they thought best
To a royall bedde, I was brought to rest

After my wepy, and troublous trauayle
I toke my ease, tyll that it was day
Then vp arose, without any fayle
and made me ready, for to ryde my waye
But then anone, into the chamber gape
The seven ladies came, with Perceutauce
Sayng they would, geue me attendaunce

And byng me, to la bell Ducell
Where that she is, in her court royall
and lyke wyse, as Phebus doth hys excell
In byghtnes truely, the fayre starres all

So in

So in beauty, and vertue speciall
She doth exceede any earthly creature
That is now made, by sayre dame Nature

We brake our fast, and we made vs ready
Wola bell pucell, on our way to ryde
My stede was broughe, Alept by shortly
So did the ladies, they would nothyng abyde
Thus forth we rode, at the morowe ryde
Out of the castell with all toy and pleasure
Forth on our way, at all aduencure.





Capitulo. xxxvi.

So long we rode over hill and vale
Till that we came into a wyldernes
On euery syde, there wyld beasts laye
Ryght straunge and fierce in sundry likenes
It was a place of dissolute darkenes
The ladies and I, were in feare and doubt
Till at the last, that we were gotten out

Of the great woode, vpon a craggy roche
When cleare Dyana, in the scorpion
Against fayre Phebus, began to appoche
For to be at her whole opposition
We sawe from farre, a goodly region
Where stode a palayce, hye and precious
Beyond an hauen, full tempestuous

Then sayde Perceuerance, beholde ye and se

1
Wonder is the palays, gay and glorious
Of labell pucelles, great humilitie
A place of pleasure, moſte ſolacious
But then we ſpied, a fende fallicious
Beyond the hauen, at ſure entres
Blowynge out fyre, by marueilous wydnes

The fyre was great, it made the plande lyght
He roze, & loude, it ſentieth lyke the thonder
But as we thought, he was of great myght
To knowe his likenes, we were farre aſonder
But of the fyre, we did often wonder
We aſked Perceuerance, what that it myght be
Alas quod ſhe, with fraude and ſubtiltie

Of dame Strangenes, and of dame Diſdayne
When la bell Puceil, did chem ſo abiecte
Because that they myght not, reuert agayne
With mortall enuie, they did then coniecte
To make a fende, in lyke wyſe to directe
Hys graunde amoure, with the ſeruent fyre
Of euill treaſon, to let his deſyre

For dame Diſdayne, the crafty ſorteres
With arte magyke, hath wrought full craftely
Of the .vij. metalles, a dragon doubles
And dame Strangenes, by her nygromancy
Hath cloſed therein, a fende ryght ſubtily
That the fyre encenſeth, by great outrage
But graunde amoure, ſhall it well all wage

Benethe this roche, there is well fortified
In olde temple, to the laude and gloze

of wyſe

Of wyse dame Dallas, it was so edified
We will ryde, vnto it full lychtly
And do oblacion, vnto her cruely
She will vs tell, by good experience
Howe we may scape, the brennyng violence

So to the temple, of dame Dallas
Anone we rode, and did lyght adovne
Of depured cristall, her whole ymage was
The temple walles, were ryght olde and browne
And then ryght sone, before her hyghe renome
Prostrate we fell, mekely to the grounde
And sodapnly, we were cast in a sounde

Thus as we laye, in a deadly chaunce
We thought to her, we made petition
and all in englyshe, with long circumstance
She shewed vs, all the whole condiction
Of the marueylous serpentis operacion
and did shewe vs, a perfyte remedy
To withstande, all the craft of Sozcery

And in lyke wyse, as the maner foloweth
In depured verses, of crasty eloquence
Euery chyng, vnto vs she sheweth
and first of all, with our all diligence
These verses we sayed, vnto her excellence
But she with crasty verses eloquenc
Gave vs an answer, full expedient

When golden Phebus, in the first houre
Of his owne daye, began for to domine

The sorceresse, the false roote of doloute
all of golde, that was so pure and fyne
Of che best, made the head serpentyne
and eke therof, she dyd make his face
full lyke a mayde, it was a wonders case

And euery houre, as the planettes raygned
She made the serpent, of the metalles seuen
Till she her purpose, had fully attayned
and when fyue bodies, aboue on the heauen
Wente retrogarde, marueplously to neuen
With diuers quarttis, and the mone combust
In the dragons caye, to let a louers lust

These cursed wittches, disoayne and straungenes
Made the monster, of a subtle kynde
To let my purpose, and all my gladnes
But that dame Pallas, of her gentle mynde
Of marueplous herbes, a remedy dyd fynde
and anone a boxe, of marueplous oynment
She toke to me, to withstande the serpent

Thus al esmarueyled, we dyd then awake
and in my hande, I had the oynment
Closed in a boxe, of whiche I should take
To anoynt my harness, for the serpent
Whiche shall deuorpe, his fyre so feruent
and my swerde also, to cause to departe
astrothe the fende, so set with magykes arte

Then



Uhen when the sunne, with his beames mery
 Began to ryle, in the fayre morowe gray
 All about lightnyng our emispery
 Crilling mistes and darke cloudes away
 and when we sawe, that it was bryght daye
 Here by the ryuage at the last we spied
 a goodly shyppe, whiche vnto vs fast hied

And right anone, by the ryuage syde
 She cast an anker, and dyd vs then hayle
 With a peale of gunnes, at the morowe tyde
 Her bonet she bayler, and gan to styke sayle
 She was right large, of thre coppes without fayle
 Her boate she made out, and sent to the lande
 What that we were, to knowe and vnderstande

That so did walke, by the ryuer coast

And

And with two ladies, we sodaynly mette
So when that they, were come to vs almoste
From their shyppe boate, curiously counterfayte
Haple knyght they sayde, nowe from a lady great
Called dame pacience, we are hether sent
To knowe your name, and all the whole entent

What you make here, and the ladies all
Truely quod I, ouer this stoz my flowde
We would haue passage/ nowe in speciall
Cary she sayde, it were to you not good
There is a serpent, euill, tyght fierce, and woode
On the other syde, whiche will you deuoure
Hap then quod I, my name is graunde amoute

I haue disconfited the giauntes terrible
For la bell Durcell, the moste fayre ladye
and for her sake, shalbe inuincible
Of this great monster, to haue the victorie
you haue quod they, demeaned you nobly
and we anone, to our lady pacience
Will geue of you, perfyte intelligence

Thus they departed, and to their boate they went
and the royall shyppe, yclipped perficenes
They dyd aborde, and then incontinent
Unto dame pacience, they gan to expresse
Myne name, mine actes, and all my prowes
Ha ha quod she, howe glad may I nowe be
Whiche in this place, may hym both heare and se

And in great haste, she made them rowe agayne
Cowarde the lande, with all due reuerence

for to receyue me, and the ladies certayne
and so we then, with all our diligence
Entered the boate, without resistance
and did aborde then, perfittnes so sure
Whiche the great waues, might ryght well endure

And patience, with great solemnite
Did me receyue, and the ladies also
Welcome she sayde, by hys auctoritie
I am ryght gladd, that it hath happened so
That la bell pucell, must redresse you two
and on your selfe, with your worz by dedes
Of fame and honor, youne ryght hie medes

And then their anker, they weped in haste
and hoyst their sayle, when many a clacion
Began to blowe, the moynynge was past
But Africus aufter, made surreccion
Blowynge his bello wes, by great occasion
So forth we sayled, ryght playne south west
On the other syde, where the Serpent did rest

Thowe graunde Amoure disconfited the
wonderfull monster of the seven me-
rallies, made by enchauntment.

Capit. xxxvii.



Ad at the lande, we arpyued than
 With all the ladies, in my company
 Whiche for to praye for me, sodaynly began
 To the God Mars, lo deſtarte of chyualry
 I toke my leaue of them full genyally
 and ryght anone to fynde out my fo
 This moztall dragon, I went to and fro

Tyll at the laſt, beſyde a craggy roche
 I ſawe the dragon, whiche did me eſpie
 and nere and nere, as I gan to approche

I behelde his head both his great body
Which was misshapen ful right wonderly
Of gold so shene was both his head and face
Full lyke a mayden it was a meruaylous cace

His necke siluer and thicke as a bull
His breste stele and like an olyphant
His forelegges latyn and of fethers full
Ryght lyke a grype was every tallaunt
And as of strength he nothing did want
His backe afore lyke bystels of a swyne
Of the fine copper did moost clerely shyne

His hinder legges was lyke to a catte
All of tynne and lyke a scorpion
He had a tayle woth a head therat
All of leade of plyaunt facion
His herte stele without menission
Toward me he came rozing lyke the thonder
Spettyng out fyre for to se greate wonder

In his forehead With letters of grete
Was wyrtten my name is malyce preuy
That olde debate can full sone remeue
Betwene true louers woth colour crafty
Agaynst graund amoure I shall so fortely
My euell subtell power and cursed courage
To let hym trulpe of his hys passage

I toke my hore as Dallas commaunded
And my sworde and sheld With al my armure
In every place I right well anoynted
To hardines she toke my herte in cure

Deasure.

Ala, i.

Making

Makinge me redy, and when I thought me sure
I toke my swerde and With an hardy herte
Towarde the dragon I began to sterte

And as I gan my grete stroke to charge
He blew out so much fyre innumerable
That on the ground I did my might discharge
The smoke Was derke full gretely domageable
And the hore fyre was so intollerable
Aboue me fleyng that vnneth I might
Through my visure cast abroad my sight

But the MERE opntmente had suche a vertue
That the wilde fyre might nothing endamage
He through herte, for it did extue
The magikkes arte with greate aduantage
Causing the fyre right wel to allmage
And wyth my swerde as nothing agast
Upon the serpente I did stryke full fast

His body was great as any tunne
The deuyll about did his body beare
He was as eger as a grype or lyon
So was his tallantes he did my herneys fere
That ofte he put me in a mortall fere
Tyl at the last I did his body perce
Wyth my good swerde it might not me reuerce

Myght ther wyth all the dragon to brast
And out there flew ryght blacke and tedpous
A foule ethyope Which such smoke did cast
That all the yland Was full tenebrous
It thoudred loude wyth clappes tempestious

Then

Then all the ladies were full sore adred
They thought none other but that I was dead

The spyrte banished the ayre wexed clere
Then did I loke and beholde aboute
Wher was the toure of my lady so dere
Till at the last I had espyed it oute
Set on a rocke right hie without doubte
And all the ladies with perseueraunce
To me did come With ioye and pleausaunce

For soth quod they you are muche fortunate,
So to subdue the serpent venimous
Which by sorcery was surely ordinate
you for to sle with fyre so vicious
Blessed the pallas the goddes glorious
Which that thou taught a perfyte remedy
for to deuoyde the crafte of sorcery

It was no Wonder though that I was glad
After the payne and tribulacion
That in many places I right often had
for to attayne the hie promocioun
Of la belle pucelles domination
Considering in my passage daungerous
All I subdued to me contrarious

And than right sone With great solemnyte
So forth we rode to the solemne macion
Of la belle pucelles worth dignite
Which was a toure of meruaylous facion
Replete with ioy without suggestion
Walled with syluer and many a ston

Upon the wall enained rally

So at the last we came vnto the gate
Whiche all of spluer was knotted properly
Where was a lady of ryght hie estate
Whiche vs receyued well and nobly
And than perseueraunce went full shortly
To la belle pucell she wynged every thyng
Of myne aduenture and sodayne comyng

How graunde amoure was receyued of la belle pu-
cell.

Cap. xxxviii.



Whan she it knewe than right incontynence
She called to her peace and dame mercy
With Justyce and reason that lady excelle
Pleasaunce Grace, Wyth good dame Memory
To wayte vpon her full ententyfely
She to receyue wyth all solompne ioye
A dore in her chamber she went on her waye

And in meane while the gentle porteres
Called countenaunce on my way then me:ede
Into the basse courte of greate wyndes
Where all of golde there was a conduyte hede
With many dragons enameled with reed
Whiche dyde spoute oute the dulcet lycoure
Lyke cristall clere with aromatyzed odoure

A losse the basse toure foure ymages stode
Whiche blew the clarkions well and wonderly
A losse the toures the golden fanes goode
Dyde with the wynde make full swete armony
Them for to here it was great melody
The golden toures with cristall clarefyed
Aboute were glased moost clerely purifyed

And the grauell where vpon we rite
ful lyke the gold that is moost pure and fyne
Withouten spotte of blacke encombrement
Aboute oure sete it dyde ryghte clerely shyne
It semed moze lyke a place celestyne
Than an erthely mansion whiche shall away
By longe tyme and proces an other day

And towarde me I dyde se than comynge

A.iii.

La belle

La belle pucell the moost fayre creature
Of ony fayre erthely persone lyvinge
Whiche with me mette with chere so demure
Of the lypnyng golde was all her besture
I dyd my duty, and ones or twyse p wys
Her lyppes softe I did full swetely kys

Aha quod she that I am very fayne
That you are come, for I haue thought longe
Sithen the time that we parted in twayne
And for my sake you haue had often wronge
But your courage so hardy and strong
Hath caused you for to be victorious
Of your enemyes so much contrarious

Worth her fayre hand white as ony lilly
She dyd me lede into a ryall hall
With knottes kerued full right craftely
The windowes fayre glased with crystall
And all about vpon the golden Wall
There was enameled with figures curious
The syege of Troye so hard and dolorous

The floze was paved with precious stones
And the rofe of meruaylous geometry
Of the swete lypres wrought for the nones
Encencing out the yll odours mysty
Amyddes therofe there shone full wonderly
Apointed by amonde of meruaylous bygnes
Wyth many other greate stones of ryches

So by we wente to a chambze fayre
A place of pleasure and delectacyon

Strowed

Strowed With floures flagraunte of aye
Without ony spotte of perturbacion
I behelde ryght well the operacyon
Of the meruaylous rose set full of rubyes
And tynst with saphers and many turkeys

The walles were hanged with golden aras
whiche treated well of the spege of Thebes
And yet all aboute vs depured was
The cristalline wyndowes of great bryghnes
I can nothyng extende the goodlynnes
Of this palays for it is impossible
To shewe all that vnto me bysyble

But la belle pucell full ryght gentyllly
Byde sytte adowne by a wyndowes syde
And caused me also full swerely
By her to sytte at that gentyll tyde
Whelcome she sayd ye shall With me abyde
After your sorowe to lyue in Joye and blysse
You shall haue that ye haue deserued pwyss

Her redolente wordes of swete influence
Degouted vapoure moost aromatyke
And made conuersyon of my complacence
Her depured and her lusty rethorike
My courage reformed that was so lunatyke
My sorowe pefered and my mynde dyde modesty
And my dolourous herte began to pacyfy

All thus my loue we gan to deuyse
For ethe of other were ryght Joyous
Than at the last in a meruaylous wyse

full todayndy there came vnto vs
Lytell Cupyd: with his mother Venus
to which was wel cladde in a fayre mantyl blewe
with golden hertes that were perft a newe

And rounde aboute vs she her mantyll cast
Saying that she and her sone Cupyde
Wolde vs conioyne in mariage in hast
And to lete knowe all your court so wyde
Sende you perseueraunce before to prouyde
To warne your ladies for to be redy
To morowe betyme ryght Well and solemly

We answered bothe our hertes Were in one
Sayinge that we dyde ryght well agre
For all our foes Were added and gone
Ryght gladde I was that Joyfull day to se
And than anone with grtte humylytie
A bell pucell to a feyre chambze bryght
Dyde me than brynge for to rest all nyght

And she toke her leue I kyst her louely
I wente to bedde but I coude not slepe
For I thought so moche vpon her inwardly
Her moost swete lokes in to my herte dyde crepe
Percyng it through with a wounde so depe
For nature thought euery houre a daye
Tyll to my lady I sholdemy dette Well paye

¶ Of the grtte mariage bytwene graūde amour and
Labelle pucell. Cap. xxix.





When perceruaunce in all goodly hast
 Unto the steward called liberalite
 Gave warning for to make redy fast
 Agaynst this tyme of great solemnitie
 That on the morow halowed should be
 She warned the rooke called temperaunce
 And after that the ewyes obseruaunce

Wpith pleasaunce the paynter and dame curtesy
 The gentyll butler with the ladies all
 She in her ofice was prepared shortly
 Agaynst this feast so much tryumphall
 And la belle pucell then in speciall
 Was vp betime in the morow gray
 Right so was I when I sawe the daye

And ryght anone la belle pucell me sente

26b.1.

Agaynst

Agaynst my wedding of the satyn fyne
Whete as the milke a goodly garment
Branded with perle that clerely did shyne
And so the mariage for to determyne
Venus me brought to a ryall chappell
Wher of fyne golde was wrought euery dele

And after that the gay and glorious
A belle pucell to the chappel was ledde
In a white vesture fayre and precious
With a golden chaplet on her yallow hede
And let ecclesie did me to her wedde
After which wedding there was a great feast
No thing we lacked but had of the best

What should I tary by longe continuance
Of the feast for of my ioye and pleasure
Wysdom can iudge withouten variance
That nought I lacked as ye may well be sure
Prayeng the swete due det of nature
Thus With my lady that was so fayre and clere
In ioy I liued full right many a yere

O lusty youth and yong tender herte
The true company of my lady bryght
God let vs neuer from other asterte
But all in ioy to lyue both day and nyght
Thus after sorow ioy aryueth aright
After my payne I had spoorte and play
Full yteill thought I that it should decave

Tyll that dame nature naturing had made
All thinge to grow to theyr fortitude

And

And nature naturing warre retrogarde
 By strength my youth so for to exclude
 As was euer her elde consuetude
 First to augment and then to abate
 This is the custome of her hye estate



Thus as I li'd in such pleasure gladd
 Into the chamber came full priuely
 A fayne oldeman and in his hand he hadde
 A croked staffe he wente full wekely
 Unto me than he came full softly
 And with his staffe he toke me on the brest
 O bey he sayd I must you nedes a reste
 My name is age which haue often tene

26b. ii.

The

The lusty youth perypth unhappely
Th:ough the desert of the selfe I Wene
And euermore I do thinke inwardly
That my dedes of you they were of great foly
And thou thy selfe right ioyous may be
To lyue so longe to be lyke to me

Happy is they that may well ouerpasse
The narrow bridge ouer fragilite
Of his wanton youth byrle as the glasse
For the youth is open to all fraylte
Redy to fall to great iniquite
Full well is he that is byrdeled fast
With fayre dame reason till his youth be past

I obeyed his rest there was no remedy
My youth was past and all my lustynes
And right anon to vs came polky
Myth auarice bringing great riches
My hole pleasure and delyte doubles
Was set upon treasure insatiate
It to beholde and for to aggregate

The fleshy pleasure I had cast a syde
Lytle I loued for to playe or daunce
But euer I thought how I might prouyde
To spare my treasure land or substance
This was my minde, and all my purueyance
As upon death I thought lytle or neuer
But gadred riches as I should lyue euer

But whan I thought longest to endure
Death with his darte arrest me sodenly

Obey



Obey he sayd as ye may be sure
 You can resist nothing the contrary
 But that you must obey me naturally
 What you auayleth such treasure to take
 Sithens by force ye must it now forsake

Alas quod I nothing can me ayde
 This worldly treasure I must leue behinde
 For erth of erth will haue his dette now payde
 What is this world but a blast of wynde
 I must nedes dye it is my natue kinde
 And as I was at his last conclusyon
 To me did come dame confession

With dame contricion which gan to bewayne

My synnes great with holl repentaunce
And satisfaccion without any fayle
Wpith dame conscience did wey in balaunce
How that they might than without doutaunce
My treasure and good so gotten Wrongfully
To restore agayne to the rightfull party

Of holy church with all humilite
My rightes I toke and than incontinent
Nature auayled in so lowe degre
That deth was come, and all my lfe was spent
Out of my body my soule than it wente
To purgatory for to be purifyed
That after that it might be glorified

¶ Carlii.

The good dame mercy with dame charite
My body buried full right humbly
In a fayre temple of olde antiquite
Where was for me a dirige deuoutly
And with many a masse full right solemnely
And ouer my graue to be in memory
Remembraunce made this lytle epetaphy

O erth on erth, it is a wonder's case
That thou art blynde, and wyl not the know
Though vpon erth thou hast the dwelling place
Yet erth at last must needs the ouerthrow
Thou thinkest thou do be no erth, I know
For if thou diddest thou woldest than apply
To forsake pleasure and to lerne to dye

Byde.

O earth of earth why art thou so proud
Now what thou art call to remembraunce

Open

Open thine eares, into my song aloude
Is not thy beaute strength and pyssaunce
Though be cladde with cloth of pleasaunce
Very erth and also wormes fode
Whan erth to erth shall turne to the blode

Wrath.

And erth with erth, why art thou so wroth
Remembre the that it bayleth right nought
For thou mayst thinke of a perfyte trouthe
If with the erth thou hast a quarell sought
Anyddes the erth there is a place ywrought
Whan erth to erth is turned properly
The for thy synne to penyly Wonderly

Envy.

And erth for erth why hast thou enuy
And the erth vpon erth to be more prosperous
Than thou thy selfe fretting the inwardly
It is a sinne right foule and vicious
And vnto god also full odious
Thou thinkest I trow there is no punishment
O;deyned for sinne by egall iudgement

Slouth.

Toward heuen to folow on the way
Thou arte full slow and thinkest nothing
That thy nature doth full soze decaye
And deth right fast is to the comynge
God graunt the mercy but no tyme enlongyng
Whan thou hast tyme, take tyme and space
Whan tyme is past, lost is the tyme of grace

Couetyse

And whan erth to erth is nexte to reuerte
And nature low in the last age
Of erthly treasure erth doth sette his herte

Iasa-

Insatiably bydon couetyse to rage
He thinketh not his lyfe shall all wage
His good is his god with his great ryches
He thinketh not for to leue it doubtles

Gluttony

The pumped clerkes With soles delicious
Ech often fedeth with corrupt gluttony
And nothing with werkes vertuous
The soule doth fed ryght well intentilly
But without mesure full inordinatly
The body lyueth and wyl not remember
How erth to erth must his strength surrender

Lechery

The byle carkes set vpon a fyre
Dyth often haunte the syne of lechery
Fulpyllyng the foule carnall desyre
Thus erth wyl erth is corrupt in euery lously
And erth on erth wyl nothing purifye
Tyll erth to erth be nere subuerted
For erth with erth is so peruerted

O mortall folke you may beholde and se
How I lye here somtime a myghty knyght
The end of ioye and all prosperite
Is deth at last through his course and myght
After the day there cometh the derke night
For though the day be neuer so longe
At last the belles ringeth to euen songe

And my selfe called la graunde amoure
Seking aduenture in the worldy gloze
For to attayne the riches and honour
Did thinke full lytle that I should here lye

Tyll

Tyll deth vnde, marke me full ryght pynely
 To what I am and where to you must
 Lyke as I am, so shall you be all durt



Than in your mynde, inwardly despyse
 The byttle worlde, so full of doublenes
 With the vyle fleshe, and ryght sone aryse
 Out of your slepe, of mortall heynnes
 Subdue the deuill, with grace and mekenes
 That after your lyfe, frayle and transitory
 You may than liue, in Joye perdurably

c.f.

And

Capit. xlii.

As remembrance, myne epptaphy set
Ouer my graue, in came dame fame
With breanyng tongues, without any les
Saying that she would spreade about my name
To liue in honoure, without any shame
Though that deade were, my carly body
Yet my renoune, should raigne eternally

The power, estate, and royall dignitie
Of dame fame, in euery region
Is for to spreade, by hye aucthoritie
The noble dedes, of many a champion
As they are worchy, in mine opinion
For though his body, be dead and mortall
His fame shall endure, and be memoriall

Did not graunde amoure, with his royall dedes
Winne la bell Ducell, the moste farye lady
and of hye honour, attayned the medes.
In the demeanyng him, so worchely
Slepyng the great terrible giayntes byly
and also the tyze monster vrolent,
Of the seuen metalles, made by enchauntment

About the worlde, in euery nacion
That euer more, he shall abyde alpye
Of his great actes, to make relation
In booke many, I shall of hym continue
From one to other, I shall his name so dye
That euer more without extinguyshment
In burnyng tongues, he shall be parmanent
Hector of Troy.



At this day reyneth the hye renoune
 Of the worthy Hector pryncce victorious
 About his spredde in euery region and towne
 His noble actes and courage chynalrous
 In full many booke ryght delictious
 Unto the reders howe lyst to geue audience
 To here repone, of his great excellence
 Josue.

And in lyke wyse, Duke Josue the gentile
 Whiche was ryght strong, and sperce in battayle
 Whose noble feates, hygge and excellent

c. ii.

I haue

I haue caused wryth diligente trauaile
To abyde in bookes without ony fayle
Who lyst his story for to se or here
In the Wyble it doth right well appere
Judas machabeus.

Also the noble and hardy feates of warre
Of Judas machabeus I about haue cast
In euery nacion for to reygne a ferre
Thoughe that his life out of this worlde be past
His fame shal prospere and shal neuer wast
Thus wryth my power of euery worthy
I spred his dedes in tonges of memozy

Dauid.

Dyd not kynge Dauid a lyons lawe tere
In his tendre yowth he so hardy was
The lyons cruelte myght nothinge him fere
And after that he slewe great Goliath
All in his time he dyd in honoure pass
And I dame fame wythout any doute
Haue spredde his name in all the worlde aboute

Alexander.

Also kinge Alexander the noble conquerour
Whose great power in all the worlde was known
Of me dame fame he wanne the honoure
As I my trompe after his death haue blown
Whose sounde aloude can not be ouerthrowen
Thus in flamynge tonges all aboute I flye
Throughe the worlde wryth my wynges swyftly

Julius Cesar.

And of the worthy Cesar Iulys
all about wryth golden beames bryght
His name shal dure and be full glorys

In

In all the worlde wyth ardaunt tounge's lyghe
His fame shall reigne he hath it wonne by ryght
So to abyde, and euer to augment
Wythouten lette or yet, ympeidment

Arthur.

Also yet arthur the good kinge of Brytayne
Wyth all his knyghtes of the rounde table
In owre dame fame shall make to remayne
Theire worthy actes highe and honourable
Perpetually for to be commendable
In ryall booke's and Iestes by storye
Theire fame is knowen right hyghe cryumphall

Charles.

And than Charles the great kynge of Fraunce
Wyth all hys noble douseperes also
As Rowland, and Olyuer, of hys alpaunce
With all the resydue and many other mo
Theire fame encreaseth rennyng to and fro
The hardy dedes did them magnify
Unto me fame their names to notyfy

Godfrey of Boleyn

And Godfrey of Boleine of hardy courage
That of the paynyng wanne the vyctory
His worthy actes did theire strength aswade
Whose fame renowned is ful openly
About the worlde reygnyng so rally
In flampnge tongues to be intellygyble
His most hie actes so moche inuyncible

And in like wise without abatement
I shall cause for to be memoziell
The famous actes so hyghe beneuolent
Of Graunde Amoure my knight in speciall

His

His name shall dure, and be eternall
For though his body be wrapt in claye
Yet his good fame shall remayne alway

And ryght anone, she called remembraunce
Commandyng her, ryght truely for to wyte
Boch of myne actes, and my gouernance
Whiche than ryght sone, began to endite
Of my feates of armes, in a short respite
Whose goodly stories, in tongues severall
About were sent, for to be perpetuall

And thus I fame, am euer magnified
When earth in earth hath tane his estate
Thus after deach, I am all glozified
What is he now that can my power abate
Infinite I am, nothing can me mate
The spryng of honour, and of famous clarkes
My selfe I am, to renowe their woikes.





Capit. xliiii.

As tame fame was in laudation
 Into the temple, with marvellous likenes
 Sodainly came Time in breuiacion
 whose similitude, I shall anone expresse
 aged he was, with a bearde doubtles
 Of swallows feathers, his wynges were long
 His body federed, he was hye and strong

In his left hande, he had an horology
 And in his ryght hande, a fyre breuynge
 a swerde about hym, gyfte full surely

His

His legges armed, clerely shynyng
and on his noddle, darkely flamyng
was set Saturne, pale as any ledde
and Iupiter, amiddes his foreheade

In the mouth the Mars, and in his ryght wyng
was splendent Phebus, with his golden beames
and in his brest, there was resplendishyng
The shynyng Venus, with depured streames
That all about, did cast her frye leames
In his lefte wyng Mercury, and aboute his waste
was hoyned Dyane, her opposition past

My name quod he, is in diuision
as tyme was, tyme is, and the tyme future
I marueyle muche, of the presumption
Of the dame fame, so puttyng in vze
Thy great prayse, sayng it shall endure
For to be infinite euermore in prease
Seyng that I, shall al thy honoure cease

Shall not I tyme, destroye both sea and lande
The sunne, and mone, and the starres all
By very reason, thou shalt vnderstande
at last shall lese, their course in generall
On tyme past, it bayleth not to call
Nowe by this horologe, it doth well appeare
That my last name, doth euermore drawe neare

In my ryght hande, the great fire so feruent
shall burne the tyme, and also miny the
The fatall congues, for it is accident
Unto me time, all chinges to perishe

when

When my laste ende, I shall accomplishe
and thus in vaine, thou hast thy labour spent
When by me tyme, thou shalt be so bent

In eternitie, before the creation
Of aungell and man all thyng was visibill
In Goddes syght, as due probation
Of his Godheade whiche is intellgyble
To whome nothyng, can be impossible
For in my selfe, a hye and sufficient
Before all thynges, he was refulgent

Unto whome onely, is apparaunce
Of my last ende, as myne originall
Was in his syght, without doubtaunce
For onely of hym, it is especiall
The hye power, and godheade in finall
The future tence, to knowe directly
Unto whome, it appeareth openly

I am the lode starre, to dame eternitie
When man of earth, hath his creation
After the minure, of his natiuitie
He taketh then, his operation
Upon me tyme, at every season
In the same houre, the worlde was create
Originally, I toke myne estate

Could the nyne worthies, so victorizous
Do all their actes, without tyme or space
Tyme is a thyng, both gay and gloriouse
When it passeth, with vertue and grace
Man is this worlde, hath a dwelling place

Either hell or heauen without lesynge
Alway he gettech in his tyme spendynge

Withouten tyme is no erthely thyng
Nature fortune, or yet dame sapience
Hardnes, clergye or yet leeryng
Past, future, or yet in pcesence
Wherefore I am of more hye pzeeminence
As cause of fame, honoure and clergye
They can nothyng without hym magnify

Do not I tyme, cause nature to augment
Do not I tyme, cause nature to decay
Do not I tyme, cause man to be pcesente
Do not I tyme, take his lyfe away
Do not I tyme cause, death take his say
Do not I tyme, passe his yowth and age
Do not I tyme, every thyng a swage

In tyme Troye the cyte was edyfied
By tyme also was the destruccyon
Nothyng without tyme can be fortifyed
No erthely ioye nor tribulacion
Without tyme is for to suffre passyon
The tyme of erthe was our destruccyon
And the tyme of erthe was our redempcion

Adam of erthe sone of virginite
And Eue by god of adam create
These two the world rampned in certaynte
By disobedience so foule and vyciate
And all other than frome them generate
Till grace and mercy made right to enclpne

Dute

Out of the lyon to entre the byrgyne

Lyke as the worlde was destroyed totally
By the virgins sone, so it seemed well
A virgins sone to redeeme it pyteously
Whose hye godheed, in the chosen vessel
Forty wekes, naturally did dwell
Nature wekes, naturally dyd good of kynde
In the byrgyn he dyd suche nature fynde

Thus wythout nature, nature wonderly
In a byrgyn pure openly hath wrought
To the God of nature nothyng truely
Impossyble is, for he made of nought
Nature fyrst, wherche naturynge hath taught
Naturacely, right naturace to make
Why may not he chan the pure nature take

By his godheed of the byrgyn Mary
His elect mother and arke of testament
Of holy chyrche the blessyd lymnary
after the byrthe of her sone excellent
Virgyn she was yet alway permanent
Dysnullyng the sectes of false ffolacry
and castynge downe the fatal heresy

Thus whan I tyme in every nacyon
Keygne in rest and also in peace
and Occaupan in hys domynacyon
Throughe the worlde and the peopled pzeace
Letters had sent his honour to encrease
Of all the numbze for to be certayne
For to abyde hym as theyr souerayne

In whose tyme God toke his natiuitie
For to redeme vs, with his precious bloud
From the devils bonde, of grea iniquitie
His hart was perst, hangyng on the crosse
Was not this tyme, vnto man ryght good
Shall not I tyme, euer moze abyde
Tyll that in Libra, the dreadfull tyde

Of the daye of dome, then in the balaunce
Almyghty God, shall be iust and egall
To euery persone, withouten doubtaunce
Eche as they dyd deserue in generall
Some to haue ioye, some payne eternall
Then I am past, I may no lenger be
And after me, is Dame Eternitie.

And



AND thus as tyme made his conclusson,
Eternitie in a fayre white vesture
To the temple came, with whole affection
And on her head, a diademe ryght pure
With thre crownes, of pzeious treasure
Eternitie she sayde, I am nowe doubteles
Of heauen quene, and of hell empyesse

First God made heauen his propre habitacle
Though that his power, be in euery place
In eterne heauen, is his tabernacle
Time is there in no maner, of case
Time tenneth alway, his ende to embrace
Nowe I my selfe shall haue no endyng
And my maker, had no begynnyng

In heauen and hell, I am continually
Withouten ende, to be in extinguisible
As euermore, to reygne full royally
Of euery thyng, I am inuincible
Man of my power, shall be incelligible
When the soule, shall ryse against the body
To haue iudgement, to liue eternally

In heauen or hell, as he doth deserue
Who that loueth God, aboue euery thyng
All his commaundementes, he will then obserue
And spende his tyme, in vertuous liuyng
Idolnes will euermore be escheuyng
Eternall tyme, he shall then attayne
After his labour, and his busy payne

O mortall folke, reuole in your mynde

D. iii.

That

That worldly lope, and frayle prosperitie
What is it lyke, but a blast of wynde
For you therof, can haue no certaintie
It is now so full, of mutabilitie
Set not your mynde, vpon worldly wealth
But euermore regarde your soules health

When earth in earth, hath tane his corrupt taste
Then to repent, it is for you to late
When you haue tyme, spende it nothing in waste
Tyme past with vertue, must enter the gate
Of lope and blysse, with myne hye estate
Without tyme, for to be euerlastyng
Whiche God graunt vs, at our last endyng

Nowe blessed lady of the health eternall
The quene of comfort, and of heauenly gloze
Praye to thy swete sonne, whiche is infynall
To geue me grace, to wyne the victoꝝ
Of the deuill the worlde, and of my body
and that I may, my selfe well apply
Thy sonne and the, to laude and magnifie.

Here endeth the Pastime of pleasure.

The excusacion of the aucthoure.

Capit. xlii.

U To all Doctes, I do me excuse
If that I offende, for lacke of science
This lyttle boke, yet do ye not refuse
Though it be deuoyde, of famous eloquence
adde or detra, by your hye Sapience

And

And pardon me of my hye enterpryse
Whiche of late, this fable byd fayne and deuise

Go little boke, I praye God the saue
From misse mettyng, by wrong impression
And who that ever, list the foz to haue
That he perceyue, well thynne intencion
Foz to be grounde, without presumption
as foz to eschue, the synne of ydlenes
To make suche bokes, I apply my busines

Beseechng God, foz to geue me grace
To kepe to compyle, of moral vertue
Of my maister Lidgate, to folowe the trace
His noble fame, foz to laude and renue
Whiche in his lyfe, the slouchie did eschue
Makng great bokes, to be in memozy
On whose soule, I pray God haue mercy.
finis.

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